

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1919

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DAISY MILLER and AN INTERNATIONAL EPI-
SODE by Henry James. New York: Boni &
Liveright, 70c.

In the introduction William Dean Howells
says of "Daisy Miller": "If no word could
be spared without in some degree spoiling it,
none could be added without cumbering its
beauty with a vain decoration." Of the Mod-
ern Library series.

THE HEART OF PEACE by Laurence Housman.
Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.25.

Verses of charm by a well-known English
writer of poetry and prose.

WORKMEN'S LEGISLATION OF THE UNITED
STATES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 1917 AND
1918. Washington: The Government Print-
ing Office.

This is No. 263 of the Bulletin of the United
States Bureau of Labor Statistics, covering
the subject indicated in the title. Its com-
prehensiveness may be judged from the fact
that it contains 477 pages. Compensation laws
are now under consideration by various legis-
latures and those who are interested in the
subject will find it covered very carefully in
this public document.

BISMARCK by C. Grant Robinson. New
York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.25.

This is one of the volumes in the series,
"Makers of the Nineteenth Century," issued
under the general editorship of Basil Wil-
liams. The author is a fellow of All Souls'
College. The work is a study of the Iron
Chancellor's statecraft, so laboriously worked
out, which has come to such tremendous con-
fusion within the last few months. It is not
alone Bismarck the statesman, but Bismarck
the human being, faults and all. There is
much new material, including the authentic text
of the famous Ems dispatch which Bismarck
"corrected" in the Emperor's draft to force
France into the war of 1870.

CLEMENCEAU by H. M. Hyndman. New
York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$2.

An authorized biography of the French
Premier by the veteran leader of the British
Socialists. "The Tiger," considered as states-
man, administrator, philosopher, author and
simply as a man. The biographer is sympa-
thetic to the man, but hardly to the philoso-
pher and the politician. A long career,
thronged with crises, which culminate in the
apotheosis of the man who incarnated the
spirit of France.

THE FLAIL by Newton A. Fuessle. New
York: Moffatt-Yard & Co., \$1.60.

The story of the American son of German
born parents. His struggle to trample down
inherited German tendencies. All this as
related to the general problem of American
reconstruction. The story ranges through
four books from 1894 to 1900. Mr. Fuessle
will be remembered as the author of several
short stories published in Reedy's Mirror.

GOOD SPORTS by Olive Higgins Prouty. New
York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.40.

Nine engaging short stories, each limning
a phase of pluck.

THE ROCKING HORSE by Christopher Mor-
ley. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.25.

Light verse of everyday things; songs of
the home.

THE KILTARTAN POETRY BOOK by Lady
Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons,
\$1.25.

Prose translations of the old Irish legends
and heroic poems. By the author of "Irish
Folk-History Plays" and "Our Irish Theatre."

THE RESURRECTED NATIONS by Isaac Don Le-
vine. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.60.

Short histories of the peoples set free by
the collapse of the Russian, German, Austro-
Hungarian and Turkish empires together with
the facts about these nations necessary to an
understanding of their claims to nationality.
The volume includes a consideration of Czecho-
Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Albania, Ukraine, Poland,
Lithuania, Lettonia, Estonia, Finland, Arabia,
Palestine, Syria, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Kurdis-
tan, Armenia, Georgia and Azerbaijan and pur-

ports to be a popular history, unbiased and
authoritative, showing the present status of
the nationalities discussed. With maps by
the author of "The Russian Revolution."

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD by John
Reed. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.

An intimate account of the last ten days
of October, 1917, which were the most vital
of the Russian revolution. Photographs of the
leaders and of some of the principal scenes.
Maps, appendices, etc.

His client was being sued for divorce
by her husband and the attorney was
trying to get her as much alimony as
possible. Right in the middle of a flow
of eloquence the attorney was interrupted
by the husband, who said to the court:
"Your honor, I have suddenly decided
to withdraw my suit, and if my wife
is willing, I would like to have her come
back to me." Pressed for explanation,
he said: "Mr. Blackstone has presented
her in such an attractive light that I've
fallen in love with her all over again."

Barber—How would you like to have
your hair cut, sir? Uncle Habwack—
Fust rate, thankie. That's jest what
I kem in for.—Indianapolis News.

The pullman conductor on the fast
mail was a misogynist, as the following
incident will demonstrate: Some un-
known person pulled the bellcord. The
train came to a sudden stop and threw
everyone forward on their faces. "Is
it an accident?" asked one worried-look-
ing man as the conductor rushed through
the car. "Some one pulled the bell-
cord," snapped the conductor. "We
stopped so sudden that the express car
has jumped the track and we won't be
able to get started for four hours. "Four
hours," gasped the worried one in hor-
ror. "I was going to be married to-
day." The conductor raised his eye-
brows suspiciously. "Looka here," he
demanded, "I suppose you'll try and
tell me you aint the chap who yanked
that bellcord."

"I shuddered when Tom proposed."
"Was he so awkward?" "Oh, no; he
did it so well."—Dallas News.

"Women have no place in politics,"
declares Senator Penrose, and adds in
support to his views: "They are eternally
feminine, and politics is a man's game.
Most women are like those to whom
Mrs. Gibbs gave a series of lectures on
hygiene. When they were finished she
decided to see how much of her wisdom
had taken root. He first question was:
'Now why is it necessary to keep our
houses spotlessly clean?' And the an-
swer she got was: 'Because company
might drop in at any moment.'"

"What seems ordinary today perhaps
was undreamed of a few centuries ago,
and the extraordinary things of today
will be the common things of tomorrow,"
said President Eliot of Harvard recently.
"Already I can picture little Tommy
waking up in the night and crying:
'Mother, I hear something on the roof,'
and hearing mother answer: 'Go to
sleep, dear; it's only your father taking
off his shoes to sneak through the sky-
light. He's just come home from the
club in his airship.'"

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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NEXT week's MIRROR will be the Easter Number. Readers, look out for it! Advertisers, get into it!

♦♦♦♦

Nearing the End

By William Marion Reedy

THE Peace Conference nears its end. It must finish up its work if it would check the excesses of Bolshevism. It must let Germany know her fate and the terms must be such as will not drive her over to Bolshevism. Moreover, they must be terms that will not permit her to get commercially all she thought to get politically through the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Something must be done by the conference to prevent Russia from preferring Germany to the Allies, for if that comes to pass, Germany, through an amalgamation with Austria and by aid of Russian sympathy and easier commercial contact, will not have lost the war, but will gain more than she can lose by the seizure of her colonies and Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans and the world must know the peace terms so that the world may know what to expect. President Wilson does well to tell his fellow conferees that they must speed up.

It looks as if the League of Nations covenant is near its final shape. It is good to know that the United States delegation recognizes there are others than the President, and that amendments formulated by Mr. Taft and Mr. Root are acceptable. Those amendments are not all important; but they are clarifying. The methods and principles of arbitration of disputes are defined. Provision for revision of the pact after not less than five nor more than ten years, when war feeling shall have subsided, is wise. The Monroe Doctrine reservation is not right. The other nations of this continent should have some right of appeal to the League against possible imperial aggression by this country. We profess to protect those nations against Europe, but where is there protection against ourselves? That periodic revision of international law is necessary, we know, because of the bearing upon that matter, during the great war, of the submarine. It is just that any nation should be permitted to withdraw from the league according to established principles and forms. And the provision for inspection and verification of the armament, equipment, munitions and war industries by a League commission is a decided advance toward complete disarmament. These things are not suggestions against the League, but for it. They strengthen the covenant.

Messrs. Taft and Root have squelched the opposition to any League. They speak for the Republican party. They offer co-operation of the opposition for the League in the Senate. They speak for this country's solidarity in support of the effort for peace by agreement, and they do so without belittling any merit of the administration in the organization of the League or the formulation of its principles. They exemplify the noblest form of political partisanship. Their action assures that the Senate will not reject the covenant and wreck the League and the hope of mankind.

Remains only then the matter of reparation and indemnities. The peace conferees are not fools enough to exact more than Germany can pay, to drive Germany to organization of Austria-Hungary and Russia for another attempt at world power, to intensify Bolshevism in Germany and invite its spread in Great Britain, Italy and France, weakening them against another, later, well prepared coup. The main thing is to deal with Germany in the spirit of the "fourteen points" she accepted, and to

do it now. Next, if possible, to make terms with Lenin's government in Russia—if that government will repudiate its repudiation of Russia's debts. The peace the world seeks will not be possible until the conferees wind up their labors. The world awaits now chiefly the adjournment of the conference.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Elections

ST. LOUIS had an election, Tuesday, and went gibberingly Republican and United Railways. We may assume that the city went the way it wanted to go. The Democrats "went fishing." Chicago went for Big Bill Thompson, also a Republican. There were three daily papers against the winning ticket in St. Louis. In Chicago not a single daily paper supported Thompson. Where is the power of the press? There "ain't none."

♦♦

How Lovely

EIGHT hundred men in the bread line in New York city—a longer line than that city has ever known. Ten per cent of these recipients of charity were discharged soldiers, eighty per cent discharged war workers. The dispatches say: "There was a sprinkling of khaki in the crowd. Service buttons and insignias adorned the frayed coats of some, while badges such as worn by employees of munition plants and shipyards appeared against a background of thin, stained cloth." Weary and disheartened, blowing on their hands, the men appeared for breakfast. A collection was taken up in the crowd. It netted 97 cents. The people who prepared the meal contributed \$4. This sumptuous total, it was announced, would be expended in bread and soup for the next day's noontime. The men were told they could spend the night where the meal was served, sleeping on the benches or under them, on the piano, in the coal bin—anywhere. The next morning the advertisements for workers would be read from the daily papers, before breakfast of bread and coffee. How touchingly beautiful this, in the wealthiest city in the world, that expended thousands of dollars in decorating Fifth avenue as the Avenue of the Allies, the city that was craziest for our entering the war! How it justifies Woodrow Wilson's saying just before he first went to Paris, that all this country's business needed was to have the harness taken off! What a tremendous demonstration that we have no problem of reconstruction in this country! How safe democracy is for those 800 breadliners! How safe they are for the democracy they fought and wrought to save! "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," sang the poet. The poet was wrong. The paths of glory lead also to the breadline and the soup-house. In St. Louis the police have been instructed to arrest all returned soldiers found begging on the streets.

♦♦

Fundamentals of Bolshevism

A WOMAN writes me that I am a nice man, but too much of a Bolshevik. Well, a few Bolshevik massacres do not make me forget the pogroms of the Czarists, the knout, the Siberian exiles, the agents provocateurs that made Russia a hell for humbler Russians for centuries. As for the fundamental principle of Bolshevism, a greater and holier than I maintained it: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Bolshevism in Russia has turned society upside down. There was nothing else to do. The Bolsheviks have set the workers above the drones. They have turned down an aristocracy that never recognized any duties, that never rendered any service, that existed only by privilege.

That aristocracy must now serve or starve. And so I am a Bolshevik against all privilege, everywhere, though not for revolution anywhere except where there is no other way of abolishing privilege.

❖❖

Bad Roads

MISSOURI is going to expend \$7,000,000 on good roads, which government experts declare will be no good. Three-fourths of the expenditure will be sheer waste. The government will not duplicate from its road funds expenditure upon such roads as Missouri contemplates building. Missouri statesmen talk of building unsurfaced dirt roads on which, in bad weather, the state's population will be stuck in the mud. It is time for Missouri to get out of the mud. It won't be able to do that until its officials and legislators get the mud of bad politics and worse economy out of their minds.

❖❖

Twelve a Quart

WE ARE told that Detroit is going to rank ahead of St. Louis in the next census. Very well. Who wants to live in Detroit or any other place in Michigan? Booze is selling there at \$12 per quart. And such booze! I prefer to drink Fred Ingram's perfumes when I'm in that town.

❖❖

Seattle and St. Louis

SEATTLE has taken over the ownership and operation of its street car facilities. St. Louis' street car facilities have taken over the political control and operation of the city. It will probably cost the taxpayers of Seattle no more relatively to run the street car system than it costs the citizens of St. Louis to have the street railways run this city. The tax payers have to pay for the running of street cars everywhere. Why not pay for it out of taxes directly and wholly and let the citizens ride free? Even those who ride in automobiles would not suffer under such a system. They would profit by the increase of their land values, as they do now. So far as it goes, the Seattle plan is preferable to the St. Louis practice. Bad municipal management can be corrected and improved. Bad private management cannot, when it owns the municipality to such an extent that street car administration can be carried on by means of burglary. Cities deserve the kind of street car management they have. St. Louis, for its spinelessness, deserves worse than it has.

❖❖

The Ultimate Tax Remedy

MISSOURI'S State Board of Equalization of Taxation ignores the valuations of the assessors in the various counties of the state. It ignores the rule or law that property shall be assessed at its true money value. Three men out of five fix valuations for the entire state. They do this in defiance of law. They do it in defiance of facts and figures. They tax as they please. And the people have no voice on the one thing about government that touches them most closely. We shall never have fair and just taxation until we have direct popular control thereof, and that control reaching down into the counties and even into the townships. When we get that the people will levy the tax, not on the man who gives to the community, but on the man who gets from the community what the community earns.

❖❖

Has the President Forgotten?

ONE of the largest meetings ever held in this city was that at which Kate Richards O'Hare bade farewell to her friends before her departure to serve a sentence of five years imprisonment for speeches in opposition to the war. An enormous meeting in Indianapolis to express sympathy for Eugene Debs, likewise convicted under the espionage acts, became almost a riot when the mayor closed the hall against the sympathizers. The people of this country are opposed to the punishment of opponents of the war, now that the war is over. They submitted to restrictions upon speech and print in the time of crisis, when there was a danger of deterioration of the country's morale through encouragement of dissi-

dents. But the war is over now. The conscription act and the espionage acts have been tested in the courts and have been declared constitutional. The conditions the laws were designed to meet have passed. The laws have been vindicated. They cannot be more vindicated by the infliction of the punishments assessed against offenders, most of whom are honest, well-meaning, kindly people and anything but aiders and abettors of our late enemies. At most they are simply folks who continued to feel against war as most of us felt before the war came upon us. Such people should not be punished by imprisonment. They are not criminals in any sense. They are friends rather than enemies of society and society for the most part knows this. They are political offenders. Politics made their offense. There is now no political need of their punishment. They are not a danger to the country, at liberty. They may be, in confinement, for public opinion is rendered discontented by the severity of dealing with persons like Debs, Victor Berger, Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. O'Hare, all of whom are of the tribe to which his satiric enemies say our president himself belongs—the idealists. All these political offenders should be pardoned. The President should proclaim a general amnesty. If the ideas of the political offenders are wrong, their potency will be more impaired by amnesty than by rigorous punishment. Let us make democracy safe for speech and print. Our President seems to have forgot that we cannot have any liberty if we have not freedom of thought. He seems, with regard to political prisoners, to be somewhat of a Prussian. We do not like to think of him thus, "subdued to what he works in like the dyer's hand." Amnesty, Mr. President, amnesty!

♦♦♦♦

A Fight on Secretary Houston

By William Marion Reedy

HERE is a war on against David Franklin Houston, secretary of agriculture, and as Mr. Houston was formerly president of Washington university here, there is much local interest in the charges made against him. Mr. Houston is known as the one talkless man of the administration, and as talking too much is what chiefly gets men into trouble, the wonder is that there should be any trouble for a man who doesn't talk at all. There have been rumors that ever since we got into the war the secretary of agriculture has been at odds with the Hooverian food administration. Since the armistice it has been intimated that he desired to take over the food administration and make it a part of his department, thereby politicalizing the work of rationing Europe, but there has been no strong proof, if any, in support of this insinuation. Frank Putnam intimated in his letters to this paper against the League of Nations that the Texas contingent, so strong in this administration—Col. House, Postmaster General Burleson, Secretary of Agriculture Houston and ex-Attorney General Gregory,—represented in some way the Rockefeller influence in the cabinet. Nobody else has ever said this, so far as I know, either out loud or in a whisper. The newest assault upon Secretary Houston is in essence that he has turned over his department, so far as concerns one of its chief activities, to Rockefeller domination. Mr. Alfred W. McCann writes about the subject in the New York *Globe*, saying that the startling charges now being preferred by Dr. W. J. Spillman, former chief, office of farm management, against Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston, at various meetings of farmers throughout the country, will probably lead to a general housecleaning in Secretary Houston's department. Mr. McCann says that until March 24, 1919, his mouth was closed as to many matters of public interest in connection with the Federal Trade Commission's probe of the packers. On that day he received his discharge as an examiner of the commission, and the seal of secrecy which hitherto has kept him silent on many commission matters is now broken. Until March 24, for instance, he "could

not publicly refer to Secretary Houston's fake telegram to the American National Livestock Association, in which the secretary informed the association that his 'investigation of the cost of producing farm products was being greatly extended and pushed vigorously,' although three months earlier he had deliberately suppressed the investigation and pigeonholed all its results." Mr. McCann was working in January, 1918, with E. C. Lasater of the Livestock Association, when Houston is said to have "inspired Dr. Spillman to prepare and send the fake telegram that forever will haunt the political peace of the secretary of agriculture." Mr. McCann accuses Mr. Houston of "a panicky attempt to deceive the cattle-men" and put a stop to the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission to bring order out of chaos between the cattle producers and the packers. But Mr. McCann says that of greater interest to the public than the secretary's attempt to choke off the investigation of the packers—an attempt the exact character of which does not appear in Mr. McCann's *Globe* article of March 25—are Dr. Spillman's assertions that "the secretary is the tool of the Rockefeller General Education board." The name Rockefeller is played up strong in Mr. McCann's article, which is mostly made up of quotations from Dr. Spillman.

"Early in Houston's administration," says Dr. Spillman, "there was circulated through his department a typewritten sheet representing Mr. Rockefeller's views, in which Secretary Houston concurred. This sheet stated that the department of agriculture should make no investigations that would determine the cost of producing farm products. It declared that no representative of the Department of Agriculture should ever, under any circumstances, even intimate that it is possible to overproduce any farm product. The entire department has been working under these orders and Secretary Houston made it plain that he desired them carried out, but he never had the temerity to enforce them openly. On several occasions I pushed to publication bulletins dealing with the cost of production, only to be severely brought to task. Time and again Secretary Houston told me he disapproved of such work. Anyone connected with the division of publications can testify to the difficulties encountered by manuscripts that relate to any phase of farm profits or farm costs. Secretary Houston never developed sufficient courage to stop the investigations completely until he received my request for thirteen letters of authorization to extend the study of costs during the summer of 1917."

At the time he became secretary of agriculture, Mr. Houston was a member of the Southern Education board, a subsidiary of Mr. Rockefeller's General Education board of New York. Dr. Spillman gets away from Mr. Houston to tell us his experiences with the Rockefeller Educational Board. His statements as to those experiences are interesting, but his assertions as to Mr. Houston lack substantiation in the article from the *Globe* that is here condensed. Dr. Spillman doesn't develop sensationally, or at all, the fact that Mr. Houston was the head of Washington university here, or that Washington university got a large chunk of money from the Rockefeller fund not so long ago, certainly long after Mr. Houston had become secretary of agriculture. Let us perpend Dr. Spillman's story.

"Nine years ago," he says, "I was approached by an agent of Mr. Rockefeller's with the statement that his object in establishing the General Education board was to gain control of the educational institutions of the country so that all men employed in them might be 'right.' I was then informed that the board had been successful with the smaller institutions and controlled all of them that were worth controlling, but that the larger institutions had refused to accept the Rockefeller money with strings tied to it. My informant said that Mr. Rockefeller was going to add \$100,000,000 to the Foundation for the express purpose of forcing his money into the big institutions and that he was

looking for a man who could put this across. I was told I was just the man for the place and there was a fat salary in it. I refused the offer." Dr. Spillman then goes back into earlier history.

"It will be recalled," he says, "that before Secretary Houston's administration, the officials in charge of the county demonstration work in the South were unable to get money from congress as fast as they desired. When they applied to the Rockefeller General Education board for funds they got them. When David F. Houston became secretary, the General Education board was putting several hundred thousand dollars a year into this work. Secretary Houston's predecessor, Secretary Wilson, to prevent the Rockefeller interests from getting their grasp on demonstration work over the entire country, had secured federal funds for similar work in the northern and western states and put this work under the office of farm management, of which I was chief. This offended Rockefeller's General Education board and its friends in the department. They then began a campaign to discredit the work of the Bureau of Farm Management."

Dr. Spillman, without presenting evidence, says that "when they (the Rockefeller board) finally got Houston in as secretary, they went so far as to circulate the report that Houston, before becoming secretary, had pledged himself to destroy the bureau. Immediately after his appointment he made a public address in which he said the office of farm management was a big 'mushroom' growth, headed by men who didn't know what they were doing and who were wasting vast sums of public money. He said he proposed to see that the office did not grow any in the near future. He kept his word. He caused the reduction of the office funds from \$330,000 a year to \$218,000. To still further hamper its work, he issued executive orders to demonstration agents not to co-operate with any outside agency except Mr. Rockefeller's General Education board. This was done to prevent the office from benefiting by funds from various sources that were being made available for demonstration work outside the Rockefeller territory. Following Mr. Houston's appointment as secretary, the Rockefeller people established a bureau inside the department known as the rural organization service. All the important work of the Bureau of Markets was placed under the Rockefeller bureau."

It were desirable that Dr. Spillman should show just how these machinations of the Rockefeller board were nefarious and iniquitous, but he doesn't. The reader is left to infer that the work of the board was useful in getting for the Rockefeller interests, back of the board, inside information upon the state of the country agriculturally, that money might be made out of the information. Dr. Spillman no more shows Mr. Houston playing the game of Rockefeller than Mr. McCann shows Mr. Houston to have played the game of the Armours, Swifts, Morris and other packers in "blocking" the Federal Trade commission's investigation of the packers. As Dr. Spillman proceeds further we discover that his idea is that the Rockefeller board was using Mr. Houston and the Department of Agriculture to get a tighter grip upon educational institutions.

Dr. Spillman continues his story: "By misrepresenting their purposes, the Rockefeller people induced Dr. T. N. Carver of Harvard university to become head of this new Bureau of Markets. He at once proceeded to outline a series of important investigations on the marketing of farm products. The General Education board turned his plan down flat, with no explanation. Then came another type-written sheet, stating what Professor Carver could do, and declaring that he had not understood what Mr. Rockefeller wanted. He was informed he could employ a half dozen of the ablest men he could find to visit various educational institutions to interest their professors in investigations of rural problems. Professor Carver at once sought an interview with the Rockefeller board and asked it if its object in putting him in the Department of

Agriculture was to force Rockefeller money into institutions that had refused it. The board declined to answer his question. Then the newspapers began to carry brief notices to the effect that 'Professor Carver had not found his work in the Department of Agriculture entirely congenial and would return to Harvard at the end of the year.' He did return to Harvard at once."

From this it appears that Dr. Spillman's idea is that the Rockefeller board wanted an investigation only of "farm problems" that had no bearing upon the fundamental economics of the farmers' plight; why his costs went up in rents and machinery, why he couldn't get his stuff to market and why, when it got there, he didn't get for it what he should get, while the consumer paid a price representing an inexplicable advance upon the price the farmer got; why the farmer was swindled in the grading of wheat and potatoes and other products; why farm tenantry is increasing even in new states like Oklahoma. In short, the suggestion is that the Rockefeller board wasn't or isn't concerned to get out into the light such facts about farming as were educed by the Industrial Commission under its chairman, Frank P. Walsh. But Dr. Spillman does not make this perfectly plain—at least not in Mr. McCann's quotations from his statement. The total effect most tangible in the statement is that Dr. Spillman couples Mr. Houston's name conspicuously with that of Mr. Rockefeller, leaving the reader to "imagine the worst" of Houston from the worst that has been asserted or imagined of Rockefeller.

Dr. Spillman says that he got Senator Kenyon to introduce a resolution in the senate, forbidding the Department of Agriculture to use the Rockefeller funds, then amounting to \$660,000 a year, and substituting federal funds for them. The resolution also prohibited the Department of Agriculture from co-operating with the Rockefeller board or any similar organization. The resolution was finally embodied in the agricultural appropriation bill and passed both houses without a single dissenting vote. Dr. Spillman avers that "this action of congress caused consternation in Secretary Houston's office." Dr. Spillman says that it has taken ten years to develop satisfactory methods to find the cost of producing farm products, and Secretary Houston's plan of procedure has been to delay as long as possible the publication of any results that would be helpful to farmers. He now proposes to begin all over again, thus wasting the time and money already spent. These are the reasons Secretary Houston considers the results already in his possession "not reliable." Dr. Spillman speaks of a "Rockefeller-Houston deal which probably never would have come to light had the Federal Trade commission not spilled the beans."

Secretary Houston is a most reticent person. Ordinary men's reserve in speech is positive garulosity compared with his. He has said the results of the investigations conducted, supposedly, by Dr. Spillman, are "not reliable." He appears to have told this to the Federal Trade Commission at some time, as a result of which Congressman Louis C. Crampton of Michigan is said to be fathering a proposition to "probe the Rockefeller-Houston deal." The deal certainly is not clearly indicated in Mr. Alfred W. McCann's article. About all that is shown is Mr. Houston's relation to the Rockefeller board, a relation natural enough in a college president desirous of getting money for educational purposes. Out in the west it is generally understood that Mr. Houston holds economic views upon the land question antagonistic to the Rockefeller or any other interest that has a monopoly of land and the natural resources therein. Dr. Spillman charges that Secretary Houston has surrendered the Department of Agriculture to private interests that set up their own bureau in that federal office, that he is antagonistic to the interests of farmers and cattlemen. The proof of the charge is lacking, but the secretary is tagged with the Rockefeller brand and that presumably will be enough for the

agriculturists. It ties the secretary up with 26 Broadway and makes a supposititious case in support of Mr. Frank Putnam's assertion that the Texas crowd—Col. House, Postmaster General Burleson, ex-Attorney General Gregory and Mr. Houston—are taking care of Standard Oil interests in the Wilson administration. The farmers and cattlemen are supposed to be worked up about it all, though it is all vague and nebulous to persons who know no more about it than is adumbrated by Mr. McCann and Dr. Spillman.

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The Smut-Hounds

By Edward H. Smith

NEW YORK'S Vice Society has just given another illuminating demonstration of itself. Freud's monograph on Leonardo ("Leonardo da Vinci," Freud; translated by Dr. A. A. Brill; Mof-fat-Yard: New York) has just been raided by the eminent Dr. Sumner and his band, and the publisher haled into the police court. This, spite the book's limited sale to technical men and writers. This sapient analysis of the mind of a great artist has, to be sure, been on the shelf of every interested doctor, lawyer, analyst and student for two years and more. But no matter, the Vice Society has just discovered that it is a horrid and immoral book, likely to corrupt the soul of a technician or an artist. Who suddenly discovered the sinister character of this small book so long after its issuance to American readers is not revealed. Some purient deacon, no doubt; some erotomaniac who probably resorted to false pretense to get hold of it.

Here we have again a sample of the sort of thing against which the new Critical Society or Society for Critical Examination, of which the MIRROR treated in its issue of February 21st, must exert its fullest powers. It is bad enough to witness the constant suppression of works of art because of alleged immorality, irreligion or social non-conformity. Here, going a step further, is an attack on the very stuff upon which the artist must feed, an open effort to suppress enlightenment, an attempt to forestall any revelation of science which may be opposed to the musty old order. Anthony Comstock's pronouncement, "Morals above Art," assumes the darker aspect of "Puritanism above Truth."

When the people who have long arrogated the dictation of public taste and morals attempt to suppress even a scientific work, published for scientific minds, what chance has the creative artist? Where will he go for new interpretation, for more clarified understanding of life, the stuff wherein he deals?

Incidents such as this point out again to all dissenters the abundant need of the proposed Critical Society. Against the attacks of these organized enforcers of conventual morality the individual artist is utterly powerless. No single voice can be strong enough to be heard in this gale of reaction, suppression and ignorance. For more than forty years, Comstock and his followers have been able to count upon the natural solitariness of the artist, his antipathy to organization, his averseness to anything smacking of unionism, the ludicrous jealousies of his caste. The position of the man of letters has been so weak that this small aggregation of cranks has at all times been able to have its will without the slightest regard to the interests and rights of the condemned. Because the thousands of writers, painters, sculptors, musicians and persons of taste or discrimination have never had a focal interest, an organization to speak for them, they have been at the mercy of these smut-hounds, much as the unorganized millions of drinkers have had to submit to Prohibition imposed by organized thousands of fanatics.

The great question which faces all American art lies here. Will the arts unite and rid themselves of the Vice Society and all similar reactionary enemies, or will America be gradually denuded of every vestige of truth and beauty? It is all very

well to purpose the bringing out of submerged genius and the encouragement of men and women who create for better taste. These are worthy objects, great enough to justify the existence of any organization. But nothing can be more certain than the failure of all such efforts if any work of art or of science dealing with the truth can be assassinated by due process of blue-law. So the first energies of a new Critical Society must be bent in the direction of the repeal of sumptuary legislation and the bridling of the vice dictatorship.

The matter does not rest here, of course. The Vice Society is aware and has been aware since its birth of the vast reach of its influence. Anthony Comstock said, whenever he had opportunity to boast before his club of bigots, that his Vice Society was the guardian of American morals and the inculcator of public taste. He understood that the public will appreciate and support such art as it is taught to esteem. He knew that the taste of a country is largely an artificial matter. The taste of semi-barbarous Russia is better than ours because artistic matters in Russia remained in the hands of a cultivated, clear-sighted aristocracy. They may have despoiled the country economically, but they gave it a sentient art. The Russian workman reads Dostoevsky; his educated (Sic!) American brother fattens his soul of Robert Chambers. In Russia, Tolstoi was a Messiah. His American counterpart is Billy Sunday. Is this due to lesser basic intelligence among us or greater unwillingness to see beauty in truth? Is it due, as is so often said, to disparate social conditions? A moment's reflection must lead us to discard these odious excuses. American art is immeasurably beneath that of Russia because American taste has been corrupted and stunted by Vice Societies, by methodism, by the dictation of aesthetic values at the hands of ignorant, pethological men and women.

In Russia the public taste was propagated from the minds of a sumptuous, cultured court, with its entourage of artists, poets and voluptuaries. There was suppression, but it was political only. Again the vast preferableness of the tyrant to the busybody. Wasn't it Carlyle who discovered it?

In America all these matters are in the hands of willful, unlettered, bigoted yokels, who use farmer and ward-heeler legislatures to their ends. Matters of morals and taste are not dictated in this country by persons of either morality or taste. Analyses of the psyché of some of our art suppressers would reveal how absent are both the aesthetic and the ethic from the souls of these autocrats. Perhaps that is why they are hot to suppress Dr. Freud.

So, the basic function of any Critical Society, if it is to have the scope of that now proposed, must be to take the education of America in matters of taste and truth from these jackals. Only when artists and intellectuals assume the task of guiding and forming the American mind can room be made for the existence of a worth-while art. In the beginning of such a movement it will be necessary to encourage, even to subsidize, aspiring artists. But it is dead certain that eventually there must be a great public place for the true artist and general public recognition of his creations. In no other manner can the birth and continuous growth of a great art be encouraged and sustained. Subsidized art—even such as may be subsidized by other artists—cannot go very far, for the greatest creator cannot be attracted to a life which will leave him dependent upon the charitableness of his fellows. If the arts are to attract the best minds and offer the most sensitive talents protection, there must be a recognized place for them among large classes of their countrymen.

Today the artist is a *rara avis*, even a pariah, to the general. He is a suspect character; almost a fellow of the underworld. Americans must first of all be taught that an honest artist is a worthier citizen and a greater man than the note shaving

banker, the ward politician, the office holder and the pillar of the Baptist church. The artists themselves must accomplish this change and they must do it by taking all matters of taste and truth from the hands of preachers and zealots. When this has been accomplished our stage will see better plays, our publishers will issue better books, our painters will paint what they consider vital instead of what a pulpitted public will receive, and sculpture over which earnest men may have spent years of precious lives will not be draped in nighties. Then the Critical Society will have reached its true goal.

In every continental European country such writers achieve great repute and enlist enormous followings, as find only a couple of hundred readers in America. In every European nation, plays that fail over-night in America or are suppressed by the Vice Society and the unwilling police, survive for years and are applauded by hundreds of thousands of educated witnesses. The best painting and sculpture of Europe has hardly touched America. Such of it as has come this way has been seen and understood by mere handfuls of our people. A chaste mechanism of beauty like Wilde's "Salome" is stopped here by the police, perhaps because Wilde was not a Presbyterian personally. A great preaching of true morality—a fantasy of youth and love—like Wedekind's "Awakening of Spring," is ordered stopped, because Wedekind does not go about his chastity-preaching according to the Comstock dogma. Even the cold pure waters of Anatole France must be muddled a bit before our public is allowed to look through them. *O tempora! O mores!* What was it Brann added?

But the consuming joke of the whole thing is yet to be appreciated. American books by authors who tempered them to the thin skins of the Vice Society before their issue, are suppressed. A diffident book like Dreiser's "Genius" is anathematized and ordered into the furnace, while British, French, German and Russian books a hundred times as bold are sold without hindrance. Either the Vice Society has not heard of them or it goes on the theory that foreign frankness doesn't poison our schoolgirl mind. Any reader who keeps at all abreast of current publications is able to point out any number of European books, published here by re-issue or translation, all of them infinitely more immoral, from the Vice Society point of view, than similar books by Americans that have either been killed or never permitted birth.

Here, then, is great work for the new Critical Society. All hail to it! May it be able to bring up its geniuses from the dark.

But the first step must be the attack on Vice Societies and all similar forms of tyranny aimed at the artist and his work. Let the public once understand that these organizations are really directed against American taste and enlightenment, against the right of the average citizen to enjoy the best and to know the truth, and there will be upheaval. The American world must be made safe for intelligence.

It might be interesting to the average American, who meekly takes his dictates of taste from some Vice Society, to know from what mire this lily is sprung. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Comstock organization, which is the parent body of similar clubs throughout the country, came into being in the 1870's chiefly to curb abortion. It was Comstock's celebrated raid on the place of Mme. Restell, a notorious New York *pre-accoucheur* of those blithe days, that made Comstock a figure and put the society on its feet. For years Comstock confined himself mainly to raiding similar places and to lobbying legislation aimed at this evil. Once he had suppressed the madames of this industry he turned to other worlds for conquest. Today we witness the sardonic spectacle of the artistic taste of a hundred millions of people being led in swaddling clothes by these abortion suppressers.

Occasional Observations

XIII.—JENGHIZ KHAN AS A PRACTICAL IDEALIST

By Horace Flack

AMONG all who have taken part in world-politics during the last thousand years, Jenghiz Khan is in many respects most remarkable for efficiency and success as a practical idealist. Most idealists fail because they are not practical. They lack efficiency. They remain satisfied with cultivating the ideals through which they hope to be greatly admired and imitated. Finding that they are not admired and imitated during their lives, they may comfort themselves by taking it for granted that they will be after they are dead. This does not improve their manners. They may conclude that the rest of us are too stupid to appreciate them. In that case, they are least disagreeable if they let us alone. If they can wait for death in lofty aloofness, expecting an immortality of postmortem admiration, they have a certain sublimity about them in spite of their inefficiency. If we survive them, we ought to admire them for it, if we can, and thank them for it at any rate.

If I were trying to be an idealist at all, I would try to be one of this kind. I may as well confess here and now, however, that I have given up trying to be an idealist of any kind, practical or impractical, efficient or inefficient, successful or unsuccessful. The world had Moses and the Prophets considerably more than 2000 years ago. Those who knew them best then, had not convinced Father Abraham that it was worth while to permit any one of their brethren to rise from the dead in the hope of improving their manners.

This may suggest the standpoint from which I feel certain objections to the manners and methods of Jenghiz Khan. I have not accepted his ideal. I am not convinced that either he or the world was left the better satisfied because of his efficiency in promoting it. In fact it appears from all the evidence that with every success which his efficiency made certain, both he and the world grew more dissatisfied.

The point, however, is that when he had his ideal in working order, satisfactory to himself, he did not wait in lofty aloofness to be admired after his death. He mobilized the resources and man power of his country to win the war which he saw was necessary for his efficiency as soon as the first country to which he had disclosed his ideal declined to accept it. Part of his ideal was peace with every country in Asia. He had not heard of Europe at that time. Nor had Europe heard of him. Until he decided on expansion into world politics, he was not known at all outside of his own country, and few people a thousand miles away knew more of his country than was known of Nebraska and Iowa by European cabinet ministers in 1890. But as soon as he did hear of Europe (which was then almost as much disturbed as it is now) he decided to grant it permanent peace on the same terms he held out to Asia. He succeeded only in part. He did not live long enough to complete his mission further west than "Greater Bulgaria." Italy, Germany, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, and other countries of Europe were fighting about something or other, at the time. It makes no great difference what they said it was about. Anyone who wishes to think he knows, can begin with their chronology in the first year of the thirteenth century, and come down as far as he likes in their political history.

The point in the case of Jenghiz Khan is that he carried his mission as far as it could be carried in one lifetime. He believed in permanent peace after victory. He wanted no inconclusive, compromising peace. If any country tried to make a peace of that kind with him, he mobilized more man power, commandeered more resources and showed the

meaning of efficiency in securing complete pacification. By this method, he unified and co-ordinated Asia from India to the Arctic ocean, from the China sea to the river Dneiper, thus including east of the Dneiper the part of Europe he found time to unify with Asia.

He succeeded. "He arrived." He "delivered the goods." He "put the thing over and got away with it." If he had stopped to count the cost in man power and resources, he would never have become one of the great "Makers of History" whose biographies were written by the Reverend Jacob Abbot for the education of American youth in the nineteenth century. Nor would he have been included in the ninth edition of the British Encyclopedia in a "feature biography," signed by Doctor Robert K. Douglas, professor of Chinese in King's College and author of "The Life of Jenghiz Khan" (which see). Being a practical idealist, he re-arranged the boundaries of an entire continent and co-ordinated it with his ideal at an expense of probably less than ten million lives, of which probably not more than a million and a half represented losses of mobilized man power for himself and his allies.

Religious liberty and simplified creeds were one of the results Jenghiz Khan looked forward to after realizing his ideal of universal peace. He invited all men to believe in one God and worship him in any way they pleased under the peaceful control of Jenghiz Khan. He also planned the abolition of private robbery in business. Predacity was not to be practiced without a permit. He assessed a tax of one hundred per cent on the incomes of the privately predaceous, and if they failed to take out a license, he cut off their heads, if he could catch them, while collecting the tax.

I do not approve this reform. All political economists of my school would rather be robbed without a permit. But I am not insisting on that. Tastes differ. As a matter of taste, I would rather not have been pacified and liberated by Jenghiz Khan. I have a strong distaste for humping myself up when I kneel down. Jenghiz required of all those he liberated after he had pacified them, to kneel before him, humped up, "with their mouths in their hands and their hands in the dust." It does not seem to have hurt them—as it certainly would have done to have had their heads cut off. But I would not like to be photographed for my posterity in that attitude. My rheumatic joints give me least trouble when I am "*liber erectusque*." Which means that I hope to have at least twenty-four hours' start of any idealist who makes up his mind to improve me.

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Reactions of a Reader

By Alliteraricus

XXIV.—TO THE ART OF COOKING A NOVEL

RECENTLY I recorded my reaction to "Java Head," and intimated that to me there was something unpardonable, if not, in a literary sense, quite immoral, in the author's nonchalant manner of "passing the buck." I used the similitude of a guest invited to a feast and then sent hungry away from a beautifully garnished and brilliantly lit board.

Sometimes such metaphors, random or vagrom as usually they are, prove to be even more apropos than their employers suppose—and it appears that in this case my gastronomic one was even closer to the mark than I imagined. For, it develops, Joseph Hergesheimer set out to provide a real feast, but was obliged to desist because of exhaustion of his knowledge of the art of cookery—it being shy of that of the author of that immortal work, "*La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque*."

This news I get at second hand, but it bears the earmarks of authenticity. From one of our liter-

ary colyums (for a clipping from which I am indebted to a friend) I derive the interesting information that: (1) in the preparation of "Java Head" Joseph Hergesheimer spent \$1,300 cash and the best part of a year, (2) that he visited Old Salem and spent much time there in the absorption of atmosphere and local color, interviewing all the most ancient inhabitants whose conversation might be of utility for his purpose; (3) that he read something like ninety different works on various subjects, including the manners and customs of the Manchus, their religion and ethics, *et cetera, et cetera*.

"Java Head," then, comes under the head of a cooked-up novel. It is not one of those inspired works such as are produced by authors who retire into a garret or an hermitage or a lodge in some vast wilderness, with nothing but a pad of paper and a fountain-pen (or a type-writer, provided they have mastered its technic—most novels read nowadays as if their authors had!) and emerge, at the end of a more or less protracted period, emaciated but triumphant, with the MS of a best-seller in apple-pie order for the printer. Joseph Hergesheimer's fictional fruits (I am bound to work in that word fictional, and really "fictional fruits" sounds very literary, doesn't it?) are otherwise produced. There must be much more elaborate preparation and no serving of 'em raw. The trouble with "Java Head" appears to have been either a paucity of materials or a doubtful recipe. Perhaps both factored. Mr. Hergesheimer had a Big Idea, and he collected a considerable number of appetizing ingredients wherewith to serve it up; but at a critical moment his ingredients seem to have run short, while the recipe-book failed to tell what to do next. Ergo, there was nothing left but to "pass the buck." Which Joseph promptly did.

It all exemplifies the dangers and pitfalls that attend the art or practice of cooking up novels. One would have thought that the best part of a year, personal visits to the scene of action, the reading of ninety laboratory volumes—and, last but not least, the expenditure of some \$1,300 cash, a sum beyond the average novelist's wildest dreams of avarice—one would have thought all this preparation should have resulted in something more definite than "Java Head," a most interesting production, to be sure, but not a finished one; not, as it were, done brown.

Should inspiration enter into literary cookery? Evidently, yes. Joseph Hergesheimer, for instance, had one, to begin with. But, alas, to end with, he had none—and the \$1,300 cash, the months of time, the visits to Old Salem and the ninety laboratory volumes being exhausted, there was nothing left for him to do but "pass the buck." Thus what promised to be a superb romance (for until his materials and his recipe broke down simultaneously, Mr. Hergesheimer's cookery was worthy of a *cordon-bleu*) resulted merely in a romance *manqué*. The moral (reprehensible item!) would appear to be that a little more inspiration and a little less reliance upon ingredients and recipes is more apt to bring the finished product safely out of the oven—or off the spit, as you choose to figure it.

Who invented the cooked-up novel? The novel requiring laboratories and travels and consultations and cash as accessories prior to the fact? I leave that interesting question to the dry-as-dusts, who could ask no more seductive subject for a doctoral thesis. But it is easy to name the classic example. That is the "*Salambbo*" of Gustave Flaubert. The story of its genesis is a familiar one to the literarily-inclined and I have no need to repeat it, even in outline. But it happened that Flaubert—who, whether he spent as much or more money over his romance of ancient Carthage as Joseph Hergesheimer did over his of Old Salem, spent infinitely a longer time and consulted many more authorities—never for a moment lacked the necessary inspira-

tion for the triumphant handling of his materials. You all remember the closing words of this book:

"Thus died Salambbo, the daughter of Hamilcar, for having touched the veil of Tanit."

When we have read these words, we have indeed finished. The feast is over, the lights are out, we have supped to repletion and we wend our way home in the darkness to muse and dream over the wonders that we have witnessed, the gigantic drama that has been played out before our spell-bound gaze. The mighty demiurge has triumphed—or, to come down to our prosaic, gastronomic simile, the cookery has been complete, consummate, perfect, nay, sublime!

Of course all novelists cannot be Flauberts, or Henry James would never have written of him that "he covers us all (meaning all modern novelists) with his mantle." But if they cannot at least approximate a delivery of his goods, they should sell a different line—which may be a mixture of metaphors, except that nowadays we are having, or soon will have ("man never is, but always will be, blessed") communal kitchens, from which the cookery will be delivered piping hot to all rate-payers promptly at the appointed hour and their own back-doors.

Probably the most successful example of this species of literary cookery recently produced in this fair land is the "*El Supremo*" of Edward Lucas White. Now, Mr. White, in the mere technique of his trade, is the veriest amateur beside Joseph Hergesheimer, who is a true virtuoso of the ladle and the sauce-pan, until his materials and his cook-book fail him mixing and blending his ingredients with a master-hand, flavoring them in a way to ravish the palate of an epicure and dishing them up divinely. Compared with his work, that of Mr. White is the labor of an artisan contrasted with that of an artist. But—it sometimes happens that the work of the artisan proves more satisfactory than that of the artist, lacking though it may be in virtuosity. There are soggy sections in "*El Supremo*," there are half-baked, underdone ones, there is sometimes a scorchedness of the gravy, and again it may be thin and watery. But the final impression is of a remarkable achievement, something extraordinary in conception and execution, whose faults are numerous but whose excellence is so superior that we will condone, if we cannot shut our eyes to them.

Now, Mr. White might have been much more readily pardoned for "passing the buck" than Mr. Hergesheimer. His subject was much more difficult, his scene much more remote, his canvas much larger, his *dramatis personae* much more numerous and troublesome to deploy. However, he stuck to his spit—he produced a finished product—and he has received his reward. As a piece of novelistic cookery, I doubt if his book will soon be beaten this side the water.

"Civilized man cannot live without cooks," wrote Owen Meredith in "*Lucile*." Of course man has given up the pretension of being civilized since August 1, 1914; and beside that nobody has read "*Lucile*" for years and years and I only mention it in order to display my erudition. But it is a question if we cannot live without literary, that is to say, fictional (I must use that word again!) cookery. For myself, at least, let me offer a kind word for the uncooked romance—the kind that can be eaten raw, if not alive, just as it comes from the bough or bush that bore it. Something that requires neither laboratories, nor months nor years of investigation, nor cash expenditures in advance, but merely the experiences, observations, dreams and divinations of the writer—the said writer, by the way, to be possessed of literary genius. I would like to quote such as Harold Bell Wright or Eleanor H. Porter right here, but as the literary editor of the New York *Sun* has included them in his recommendations for an up-to-date collegiate course in literature, they are *hors concours*. So I will just mention Pierre Loti, or Oliver Goldsmith, or Laura Jean Libbey, and let it go at that.

'Ome, Sweet 'Ome

By Mariano Joaquin Lorente

Dedicated to R. B. Cunningham Graham

WHEN Frank Brown boarded the "Schleswig," of the North German Lloyd, he had a severe headache and his tongue felt like a piece of cow hide, the natural consequences of the previous night's excesses.

Over at the "Sportsman," the fashionable restaurant in the Calle Florida, he had been saying goodbye—or rather "o reevua," as one of them said who wished to display his erudition—to some of his friends; for Brown was going "'ome" to England on a visit.

The restaurant was crowded with fashionable people and their parasites, who sought in the company of ladies of tainted reputation and in the enjoyment of outlandish viands a welcome relief to the monotony of their idle lives. The place was ablaze with electric lights which shone against the snow-white table cloths. A din of knives and forks, as they struck the plates, drowned the hum of conversations, to be silenced in their turn by the efforts of a Hungarian orchestra which played the latest cake-walks and rags.

There was life and animation at all the tables where, with true Latin excitability, talk was accompanied by expressive gestures. The waiters, like skillful mariners sailing a dangerous sea, threaded their way through the tables, alert to any sudden obstacle,—such as a diner rising from a table, or an outstretched arm—which might imperil the masterpieces of the chef they carried aloft.

Brown and his friends sat at a table in a corner of the big hall. Their appearance formed a strong contrast with the well-groomed, dandified assembly at the other tables. Their loosely fitting garments, thick-soled boots, stiff high collars and out-of-fashion ties done in big knots proclaimed them English even if their ruddy angular faces, well tanned by an outdoor life and colored by hard drinks, had not done so.

The English know nought of the niceties of eating. Brown and his friends began by ordering some whiskey, and when they had successfully dulled their palates, proceeded to dispose, like true beefeaters, of all the heavy items in the menu. In spite, however, of all the ballast they put into their stomachs, their heads grew lighter and lighter.

Their conversation turned on England, which Brown was going to visit. Englishmen are bad linguists. Whether they have some physical impediment which prevents them from modulating foreign sounds, or whether their minds, accustomed to the freedom of their own wild language, cannot submit to the discipline of better regulated tongues, would be hard to decide. The fact remains that seldom, if ever, can they talk well in any but their own tongue; and knowing their limitations, they speak but little among aliens. Thus have they acquired a reputation for taciturnity and sobriety . . . of words. However, when Englishmen foregather they give their reputation the lie, which is what happened with Brown and his friends.

Excited by the fumes of whiskey and the recollections of Merry England, they waxed eloquent and garrulous about "'ome," berating the Argentine, safe in their knowledge that they understood each other and that nobody understood them. Their neighbors paid little attention to them, putting down their boisterousness to the eccentricities peculiar to the English, and the dinner proceeded in comparative quietude until Brown suggested singing "'Ome, Sweet 'Ome."

With unsteady step, he went over to the Hungarian leader, and in barbarous Spanish, rendered still more barbarous by hiccoughs, demanded that the orchestra play "'Ome, Sweet 'Ome." The leader seemed not to understand, whereupon Brown, waving his napkin in one hand, to keep time, and leaning heavily with the other on the Hungarian's

shoulder, hummed the tune. The leader nodded his head, as if he had understood, and Brown retraced his tortuous steps to his seat.

Due to Brown's musical shortcomings, which prevented him from making himself clear to the Hungarian, or perhaps because the worthy conductor did not have the score of the song among his papers—"Home, Sweet Home" is not exactly a popular ditty in Buenos Aires—the fact remains that the orchestra started a Pericon. The difference in time and measure, however, did not bother Brown and his chums in the slightest, for, as soon as the orchestra struck a few bars of the Argentine dance, they began to roar at the pitch of their voices: "Mid plea . . . sures and pa . . . laces, . . ."

Their vocal efforts were utterly unappreciated by the diners. Shouts of "Shut up!" "Stop that racket!" "*Inglese Barbaros!*" and "Kick them out!" came from several tables. The restaurateur appeared on the scene. His eloquence proved pitifully unavailing. The Englishmen showed fight. Though they could hardly stand on their feet, they proceeded to take off their coats in a businesslike fashion and challenged the "damned frog-eater" to a boxing match. Things looked rather gloomy when half a dozen *vigilantes* arrived on the scene, and with the help of as many waiters, unceremoniously showed Brown and company to the door of the "Sportsman."

The scuffle did not ruffle Brown and his friends in the slightest. Englishmen are good sports. Clasp hands, from a fraternal feeling, as well as to attain a modicum of collective equilibrium, they went down the Calle Florida to the Avenida de Mayo and along to their hotel, shouting at the pitch of their alcoholic voices: "'Ome! 'ome! sweet, sweet 'ome! There's no plice like 'ome! There's no plice like 'ome!"

Next morning they had but a vague remembrance of the previous night's happenings and they enjoyed them as a huge joke.

His friends saw Brown to the steamer and enjoyed several farewell drinks in the smoking room. As the "Schleswig" pulled off the dock, they waved their hands furiously at Brown, who stood at the rail shaking his cap at them. Gradually, the gap between dock and steamer became wider and wider and the figures on shore more and more indistinct until they disappeared in the dark background of the warehouses. The passengers who had hung on to the rail until they no longer could deceive themselves that they could distinguish the dear ones left behind, scattered about the deck, drying a furtive tear and trying to take up their attention with the ship and its nautical paraphernalia.

Brown also left the rail; but far from experiencing any regrets or sorrows at the parting, he felt extremely happy. He was going "'ome."

Lighting a big brier pipe and puffing away clouds of bluish smoke, he began to walk up and down the deck. The exercise and the cold breeze from the starboard side quickened his sluggish brains. He began to recollect his arrival in Buenos Aires, some twenty-five years before. There were no docks in those days. The steamer which brought him from Liverpool anchored almost out of sight of the city. A tug came alongside, and passengers and their luggage were dropped into it. The tug then puffed along to within a few yards of the shore and transferred its live and dead cargo to sundry ox-carts that had waded into the river. The cart finally brought him to *terra firma*. A picturesque method of landing, indeed, but Brown had not an eye for the picturesque and roundly cursed the country and its inhabitants for their backwardness. Thank God, there were Englishmen in the world who would teach those Argentines how to do things. . . . And they had. The "Schleswig"—a 7,000 tonner—had sailed from within a stone-throw of the Casa Rosada—the government palace—in the Plaza de Mayo. Giant cranes, moving along railway tracks, had filled the capacious maw of the ship with bales and cases which they picked and swung around

just as he had seen a flamingo handle a snake or a toad in a *laguna* in the Pampas. So modernized was the port of Buenos Aires—Puerto Madero—that Brown might have thought himself already at Liverpool or London, were it not for the scorching sun.

How he longed for England! Twenty-five years he had spent in the Pampas, leading a sort of monastic life. His inability to learn any Spanish, save for a few essential phrases, prevented him from becoming acquainted with the *gauchos*. He therefore despised them with the stupid contempt of those who cannot understand. In the *estancia* where he worked, he had three companions, Englishmen like himself and of as low an intellect as his own. Their time for social intercourse was very limited. They got up early in the morning, breakfasted and took to their horses, roaming about the large estate, looking after the enormous flocks and herds. At noon they came back to the *estancia* for something to eat. A short *siesta* followed, and then to horse again until sundown, when they came home for supper and to bed. They seldom spoke, except at meals, and then with their mouths full, chewing their words with their food, in broken sentences. Betimes, they would grow reminiscent of "'ome" over a belated copy of *The Times*. But not very often. Men of poor intellects who are forced to see each other daily soon grow tired of each other, just as even the vainest of coquettes would tire of a looking-glass were she compelled to use it constantly. And as they tire of each other, they become laconic, using only those expressions which are absolutely necessary to keep up a civilized front. How wise the Trappists in hiding under cover of a religious vow this unlovable manifestation of the human heart!

From time to time, Brown took a trip to Buenos Aires, just for a "blow off," as he used to say. A week or so every two years, attending foot-ball and cricket matches during the day and going to the theaters at night, drunk as a lord. He returned to the *estancia*, after each visit, headachy and bilious, full of regrets for the money that had gone. It was not much, though, for Brown was parsimonious even in his pleasures. His bank account kept growing steadily, and as his savings accumulated, so did his desire grow to go 'ome for a visit, at least.

Not that he had many relatives. The only survivor of his family was a maiden aunt who kept a sweet shop and a couple of cats in a village not far from Birmingham. This aunt wrote him a letter occasionally, keeping him posted as to the doings of his schoolmates and never failing to announce a death. Deaths seemed to be her specialty; so much so that Brown, on receiving a letter from her, wondered who had been next. As a reward for her funereous chronicles, and also because blood is thicker than water, Brown used to send his aunt a couple of pounds sterling at Christmas time. The good old soul showed her appreciation of the gift by contributing one shilling to some foreign mission for the redemption of the heathen and spending a like sum on filleted sole for her pet felines. The rest went to a savings bank to await the time when death would restore it to its original owner, for Brown was sole heir to his aunt.

The journey was uneventful in the extreme. At first, due to the heterogeneous garments assumed by voyagers and which render them difficult to classify, at first sight, in the social scale, the passengers on board the "Schleswig" formed a perfect democracy, and Brown mixed freely among them. He even proved a most useful person, for, like a true son of the ruler of the waves, he never missed a meal, whereas most of the passengers suffered the nauseating consequences of the moderately rough seas which prevailed for two days after leaving Buenos Aires. With his coarse woolen suit, which rendered more shapeless his ungainly figure, his checkered tweed cap pulled down to his ears and his enormous brier hanging from his jaw and con-

stantly pouring forth smoke, Brown was neither more nor less than an angel in disguise to some of his unfortunate companions.

The fair weather and smooth seas which soon followed allowed the delicate stomachs to resume their ordinary functions unmolested, and once the digestive apparatus in good working order, the several brains regained their accustomed critical faculties. Those passengers who could speak English, noticed with disgust that Brown treated the h's pretty much as a child treats his toys, picking them up and dropping them without any apparent reason. Those unacquainted with Shakespeare's language began to notice that Brown's manners were somewhat rusty and that his nails were in mourning, and some for one reason, others for some other, they all avoided Brown and left him to the company of deck hands and of the habitudes of the smoking room.

The ostracism to which his fellow passengers doomed him, did not bother Brown in the least. After all, had he not been practically alone in the Pampas for almost twenty-five years? And are not the Pampas pretty much like the ocean? His was not a pleasure trip; it was merely a means to an end; he just wanted to go "ome." And so, when the steamer stopped at Sao Vicente, in the Cape Verde Islands, to take in coal, Brown remained on board, cursing the interruption which detained him for nearly one whole day on his way to Merry England, and he refused to avail himself of the chance, so eagerly seized by his fellow passengers, to touch *terra firma* once more. A few days later on, the steamer stopped at Vigo and Brown treated Spain with the same contempt as he treated Sao Vicente. Nothing interested him in the slightest; niggers and *gallegos* were all one to him, both of them inferior races fashioned by the Almighty's "prentice hand" before He became an adept and created the Englishman.

At last the steamer got into the Channel after a short stoppage at Cherbourg, and at once Brown became as if electrified. His eyes, sharpened by long experience in the Pampas, scanned the horizon, anxiously waiting for a glimpse of his beloved island. With unfeigned joy he noticed the greenish hue of the comparatively shallow waters of the Channel and observed the pall of dark grey clouds gathering to the north-east. Like a bloodhound picking up a trail, Brown went excitedly about the deck, buttonholing the officers and asking them the probable time of landing, and when his curiosity was satisfied he rushed to the prow of the steamer, as if thus he could get "ome" quicker, and sat down on a capstan, fixing his eyes straight ahead.

Never did homecoming conquering hero view a triumphal arch with greater satisfaction than Brown experienced when he saw the chalky cliffs of the Needles, standing out into the greenish waters, shining like snow in the noonday sun. He jumped to his feet, and cap in hand let out a hurrah as a salute to the outpost of Albion that stands in the Channel to welcome her returning sons. England at last! In a few moments he would be "ome."

He ran over to where the sailors were getting a gangway ready, and a little way up the Solent the big steamer was brought to and Brown was the first man to descend into a tug which was to convey to Southampton those passengers whose destination was England. From the deck of the tug, as she puffed and panted up the river, Brown saw the "Schleswig" getting under way again towards some German port and he heaved a sigh of relief as the last link which united him to the Argentine disappeared in the horizon.

"Ome! sweet 'ome!" No sooner did Brown set foot on the Southampton docks than it began to rain with that peaceful, persistent, soaking rain that harmonizes so well with English character. Brown welcomed the rain, and comparing it with the furious torrential floods of the Pampas, he could not help feeling that things were much better

regulated at "ome." The well-fed, healthy-looking, substantially-uniformed customs officials furnished him with another subject for comparison and pride. Over in Buenos Aires they were a bunch of hungry-looking, ill-mannered, impudent thieves who insisted on going through your luggage as if you were a notorious smuggler. At "ome" they took a gentleman's word for it and you did not even need to unlock your bags. Such courtesy was altogether disconcerting, and Brown was on the point of declaring that he had two hundred and fifty cigars in his possession, but . . . but you know . . . he had lived twenty-five years in the Argentine . . . and he said he had only fifty, and they let him in scotfree.

He arrived in London at about seven in the evening. A heavy fog enveloped the Metropolis, obliterating the buildings and making the electric arcs look like the phosphorescences he had seen in the wake of the steamer. Brown breathed the smoky, damp air as if it had been the perfumed breath of a beloved woman.

As he rushed in a "ansom" on his way to the Golden Cross Hotel, Big Ben struck the hour and the vibrations of the bells, rendered more sonorous by the fog, filled his ears with sweet music. "Ome! sweet 'ome!" That same clock had struck all the hours that had marked the achievements and triumphs of the British Empire, and now it was ringing a welcome for him, after years of toil in the wilderness, modestly working for the aggrandizement of his beloved country. . . .

A wash up and two whiskies and out he went into the Strand, anxious to see the city and its denizens and find out, as far as the fog would allow him, what changes Time had wrought for the better.

A short way up the Strand he ran up against a peeler. Six feet of well-fed, muscular humanity, substantially clothed to withstand the inclemencies of the weather, holding up the whole traffic in the largest city in the world by a mere wave of his hand, without any show of weapons! There was a policeman for you! And Brown thought with disgust of the ragged, hungry-looking *milicos* of the Pampas who were the laughing stock of the *gauchos*, in spite of the fact that they were armed to the teeth.

Brown asked the policeman whether "The Cock and Whippet" was still doing business, and having broken the ice with this question, he explained to the constable how proud he felt to be speaking with a member of the finest police force in the world after spending twenty-five years in a country of savages, and insisted on shaking his hand. The policeman, with a dignified attitude in which there was somewhat of condescension and disdain, gratified his wish and Brown proceeded to "The Cock and Whippet," which was just round the corner.

The public house was just the same as when Brown used to frequent it, years before, and at sight of it he felt as if he were young again. The sign had been recently renovated and the rainbow of the cock's tail made a brave effort to shine through the fog. The interior had undergone no changes, except that tables, wainscoting and chairs had acquired a higher polish through constant rubbing by the customers. Neither barmaids nor customers were known to Brown, still, with a few minor changes in wearing apparel, they all ran true to type and clearly showed that the race was not degenerating. Sally, the barmaid who used to tell Brown highly colored jokes to whet his thirst, had gone, but in her stead he found another one who prolonged her fading youth by means of powder and rouge, wore her peroxide-yellow hair done like a pyramid and had an inexhaustible stock of doubtful yarns.

Brown told her, between whiskey and whiskey, how glad he was to be "ome" after twenty-five years in the wilderness. By ten o'clock Brown simply could not stand without the assistance of the rail. He felt as if he still were on board the

"Schleswig" and the barmaid appeared to him as the figure of Britannia, welcoming her son "ome." With a tremulous voice and an utter disregard for time and tune, he began to sing "Rule Britannia!" and sprawling over the counter, attempted to seize the barmaid, who laughed at his antics and stepped out of his reach. As in his endeavors to seize Britannia, with the praiseworthy intention of depositing a chaste kiss on her virginal cheek, Brown upset several drinks and smashed a few glasses, a gigantic "chucker-out" unceremoniously grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, and dragging him to the door, pushed him out into the street.

The cold damp air had the effect of sobering Brown up sufficiently to give him back the use of his legs, and following a course like a liner dodging a submarine, he finally ran up against a Salvation Army meeting in the Embankment.

The Salvationists, as is their wont, were praising their unmusical god with sundry instruments which harmonized only in that they were all out of tune. Brown listened to them for a while, watching closely the girl who played the tambourine, fascinated by the light reflected on the brass discs of the instruments. Suddenly, the words "home to Jesus," from a hymn the Salvationists were murdering, broke the spell of the tambourine, and stepping into the religious circle, Brown looked around with his heavy drunken eyes and shouted:

"You are . . . hic . . . all wrong! . . . 'Taint 'ome . . . to Jesus . . . hic . . . 'T'hell . . . with that . . . hic . . . 'T'is 'ome . . . hic . . . to England . . . Yesh . . . hic . . . 'ome to England . . . hic . . . I've come . . . 'ome to England . . . hic . . . Go on . . . hic . . . you blighters . . . Ply . . . hic . . . 'Ome! Sweet . . . hic . . . 'Ome! . . ."

Several onlookers seized him forcibly by his coat and delivered him up to a burly peeler who proceeded to take him to the station. On their way thither, hardly feeling the shoves and pushes of the arm of the law, for whiskey has a marvellous padding effect, Brown told the policeman the old, old story of his sojourn in the Pampas and of his glorious return "ome." The policeman cared not a jot for the Pampas, a place that did not exist in his geography, and by dint of muscle finally landed Brown into a cell and dropped him in a corner.

He closed the door, turned the ponderous key, and as he was going down the corridor, his hob-nailed-boots resounding on the flags and a bunch of keys jangling at his side, he heard Brown's voice, syncopated with hiccoughs, singing:

"'Ome! . . . hic . . . 'Ome! . . . hic . . . shweet, shweet . . . hic . . . 'ome! . . . hic . . . There'sh . . . hic . . . no plice . . . hic . . . like 'ome! . . . hic . . . There'sh . . . hic . . . no . . . hic . . . plice like . . . hic . . . 'ome!'"

♦♦♦♦

Edgar Lee Masters

By Robert Nichols

BEETHOVEN'S face!—the soft or savage night
Dwelling in eyes under the bulwark brow;
Nose flattened against the pane of th' infinite;
The mouth drawn down in a sour, resolute bow,
And this thumb mask—changing the while you watch.

To a furious visage, warrior's or seer's,
Smiling the false,—gone! and your heart you catch
To mark those swart eyes largen as with tears.

That's Masters! How many devils 'neath his hat
Does he keep hid? What loud and lonely din
Of passion and reason launching tit for tat
Sounds in his brain? What peace, at last, can he win?—

O by those grieving eyes—such sorrow and sin
Of Man he sees that Pity brings Peace thereat!
From the Chicago Tribune.

Anniversary Sale of Capes, Coats and Dolmans

Smart models in Capes, Coats and Dolmans are shown in Serge and Wool Poplins—beautifully lined with fancy messalines in many rich colors and combinations.

These distinctive models are excellently made and tailored. The coats are of Blue Wool Poplin in semi-fitted style with belt—very attractively lined. Coats regularly priced for \$39.75.

Anniversary
Sale Price, **\$29.75**

Capes of serge made with the smart vest effect are belted in front.

The Dolmans are extremely attractive—the cuffs, throw and lining being of plaid messaline in exquisite combination of colors—or in plain messaline.

The Capes and Dolmans are very specially priced.

Anniversary
Sale Price, **\$37.50**

Women's Coat Shop—Third Floor

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust from Ninth to Tenth



Letters from the People

Sub-Prussianism at Berkeley

Oakland, Cal., March 27, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I am a constant reader of your able paper and generally agree with your views and opinions.

In your edition of last March 21st, under caption of "Prussianism at Berkeley," I beg to state that in a general way, your facts are correct in connection with certain University professors having petitioned that all or certain persons "in confinement solely or principally for expressions at variance with the war policies of the government," and which petition was to have been sent to Secretary of War Baker, be released.

The fact is the University authorities refused to have anything to do with the matter.

The whole rumpus started when a society known as the Berkeley Council of Defense, a war organization, got together and demanded that the University instructors responsible for the petition, appear before them and show cause why they should not be "punished for

contempt" (in the language of the lawyers), for having dared to express their opinions as free American citizens, without, apparently obtaining permission from that body.

This same association dared to express its views on the Irish question, recently, by petitioning President Wilson to oppose freedom for Ireland. Beautiful narrow-mindedness. Some of these organizations are imbued with the idea of Americanism of the lopsided sort to be found in the ancient and sickly narrow-minded A. P. A. movement of some years ago. Many of its prominent members were leaders or strong sympathizers in, with and of this ancient and stagnant effort.

I have lived in this city for over thirty-four years and have been a close observer of the University. And while the University, and this applies to most of them, is the fountain head of many of our modern fads, fancies, theories and other socialistic impracticabilities in government, nevertheless it has always encouraged freedom of speech.

My idea of Americanism, the real true Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson kind, is that every

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man and woman should be allowed to express his or her true convictions on each and every public question, just so long as no violence, or the encouragement thereof, is involved.

We are not quite free men yet, nor will we ever be as long as intolerance and the "don't do as I do, but do as I tell you," ideas prevail. It is a very serious question. It makes cowards of ordinarily brave people. No nation can live in fear and succeed. The days of slavery and masters are passed. Those there are, however, who do not know this, or knowing will not see.

Hope sees a star and somewhere in the dim future I still have confidence.

More power to the pen and voice of Mr. Frank Putnam, one of your contributors.

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE GELDER.

1640 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Correction by Mr. Judson

St. Louis, Mo., March 31st, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The article in the MIRROR of March 28th, entitled "Splendid Unpreparedness," based on an article in a recent issue of *The Public*, in its references to the National War Labor Board, is wanting in your usual accuracy. I understand that the Board, at its last meeting, took steps to correct the article in *The Public*.

Joint Chairman Taft has not resigned, neither has Joint Chairman Basil L. Manly, the successor of Frank Walsh, resigned.

It is not true that there has been any change in the rulings of the Board "and that the control has passed to the employers' side." No such change has taken place since the armistice or at any time. In fact, I can bear witness, from

personal association with the Board as vice-chairman, alternate of Mr. Taft, that the spirit of conciliation shown in mutual concessions of employers and employes has steadily improved, and it is far more effective than when the Board was organized.

The Board recognizes that the war emergency which it was created to meet, is passing away. The other emergency war boards created by presidential proclamation have nearly all been dissolved. The members of the National War Labor Board, at the time of the signing of the armistice, suggested their own retirement; but they continued, at the express request of the President and Secretary of Labor, until the formal declaration of peace in order that the accumulated pending business might be disposed of. Over eleven hundred cases have been submitted to the Board, and these have nearly all been decided.

You may be right in your conclusion that such a Board is needed in the "post war industrial reorganization" as well as during the war. It should be remembered, however, that this Board was created by presidential proclamation, and a permanent tribunal for industrial conciliation and arbitration must be established by legislative authority.

The Board has rendered, however, great service, not only in contributing to continuous production through industrial peace during the war, but also in exhibiting the effectiveness of the concurrence of the representatives of employers and employes in the adjustment of industrial controversies.

We are thus enabled to realize the anomaly that in our industrial life the only remedy of employes for bettering their conditions in production is by stopping production, with the consequent enormous economic waste and loss, not only to employers, but to the general public, thus impairing the funds where-with production is carried on and wages paid.

Civilization has abolished private wars, and we are now seeking to abolish wars of nations. It is yet to be seen whether an industrial age can provide an effective remedy for the stoppage of production by industrial war.

FREDERICK N. JUDSON.

Status of the Liquor Business

839 West End Avenue,
New York City, March 26, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You say "The liquor industry's status is that of a privilege, not a business." This is a mistake. The supreme court of the United States has held, in an opinion written by former Justice Hughes, that the liquor industry is "a lawful business." The Supreme Court has never passed squarely upon the question as to whether the property of distillers and brewers can be lawfully destroyed by prohibitory laws without compensation. Of course, the license to sell liquors may be revoked, but that is a different proposition.

Through gross mismanagement on the part of their attorneys the brewers' case has never been properly submitted to the supreme court, and that body has

always dodged the issue of taking private property without compensating the owners. On a proper presentation of all the issues involved the court would be compelled to hold that both state and national prohibition laws are unconstitutional.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

♦♦♦

Officer—But surely you, a millionaire, have little to complain about. *Munition Magnate*—Oh, I don't know. The multi-millionaires treat us like so much dirt.—*London Opinion*.

♦♦♦

A tramp was walking along one of the London streets and was met by a brother hobo, who reproached him for his ragged trousers. "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said he. "But how am I to get a pair of trousers? They don't grow on trees." "Why, go into the first house that looks like one that might have an extra pair of trousers in it and ask for an old pair." The ragged tramp took his friend's advice and, seeing a doctor's sign across the street, he went up the stoop and lifted the knocker. A lady answered the summons, and he asked her if the doctor whose name appeared on the door was in. She answered in the affirmative. "Then," said he, "will you be kind enough to ask the doctor if he has an old pair of pants he would let me have?" She replied that she was afraid they would not do. "Oh, I don't mind if they are old," said the tramp. But the lady answered: "That isn't it, my man. I am the doctor."

BOOKS

Tables and shelves that are marked with the card "New Books" have that fascination that makes it impossible for a book lover to pass without picking some of them up and running through their pages. Here in our Book Shop there are many tables holding the newest books—books of fiction and of non-fiction—by well-known authors and by many of the newer writers.

We have listed a few, gathered at random from the tables where only new books are shown.

The War Diary of a Diplomat	Lee Meriwether	\$2.00
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Ibanes	1.90
A Minstrel of France	Harry Lauder	2.00
The American	Mary Dillon	1.50
British Revolution and American Democracy	Norman Angell	1.50
Martin Schuler	Romer Wilson	1.50
Goat Feathers	Ellis Parker Butler	.50
The Tin Soldier	Temple Bailey	1.50
Sky Pilot in No Man's Land	Ralph Connor	1.50
Penny—of Top Hill Trail	Maniates	1.35
Letters from a Chinese Official		.50
Essentials of an Enduring Victory	Andre Cheradame	1.50
A Land-Girl's Love Story	Berta Ruck	1.50
Montgomery's Income Tax Procedure		6.00
The Undefeated	J. C. Snaith	1.60
Humoresque	Fannie Hurst	1.50

STIX, BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER

My Bolsheviki

My tailor has made me two suits since the Russian revolution; one last autumn, and one this spring. When I was fitted for the heavier cloth, Kerensky was still swaying in the precarious saddle. By the time I needed something thinner, Brest-Litovsk had intervened.

They are all Russian Jews, you see, though the proprietor has a German name and probably comes from the Baltic provinces. So German-Jewish does he look that, what with his name and his phlegmatic efficiency, I had never suspected him of Russian origin. But he told me this winter that he had been three years in the Russian army, and that the graft was sickening. The fitters might always have been anything that was not Western Europe.

It began with a headline in a newspaper which my mother had brought in to read as she sat waiting for my skirt—the heavy one—to be hung. The wild-eyed, bushy-haired little fitter, with the deft fingers, exclaimed. "Kitten's ear" was nothing to him for the moment.

I took the paper, and read out the headlines. Then, while he pinned and basted and patted, his sibilant excitement welled over. He was a pot too full, set on a fire too hot.

"We have had a wonderful revolution!" he declared.

I agreed; up to that time, it had some claim to be called so. He was hard on the tsar, I remember,—which did not surprise me,—and said he must be tried by due process of law; otherwise the

other countries would not respect Russia—not if they failed to try a traitor; not if they just weakly let him go to finish his days in England or Spain.

I expressed—as one did, in those days—hope of Kerensky, fear of the Bolsheviki; and the bushy-haired, stunted child of Russia looked into my face and told me gently that the Bolsheviki did not wish to kill anyone. The Bolsheviki were mild souls, with a pure thirst for the pure fountains of justice and mercy.

"And Kerensky?" I asked.

A baffling smile appeared, too old for his face. "Oh, Kerensky is a good man."

I might have known then where my fitter stood politically; for it was the tone in which we speak of harmless objectionables. When I consulted the German-Jewish-seeming proprietor later about some detail, I finished with a query about Kerensky.

The same smile, the same intonation: "Oh, Kerensky is a good man." But his eyes were not wild, nor was his calm shaken; and as I went out, I wondered if he were not perhaps the Socialist who "had two pigs."

I had another fitter for my spring suit; a somewhat more educated type, more documented and doctrinaire. He could quote, he could cite, he was a man who read; he wore—as he should—spectacles. I remembered the lama's letter in Kim: "Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts. Otherwise no earthly use"; and decided that, if I were by way of being a Romanoff, I would

rather be attacked by Bushy-Hair than tried by Spectacles. In Bushy-Hair's pack of emotions there might be a torn bit of what Anglo-Saxons call "sportsmanship"; but I am sure that Spectacles keeps no such rags in his outfit. Spectacles is a thoroughgoing Humanitarian.

Yet by this time Spectacles was excited, too. (None of them, in other years, has ever been excited.) A very easy transition from some remark about clothes in war-time led straight to Lenin and Trotzky. I let him talk—had it not been the point of my petulance that no one could put her mind on finicking sartorial detail just now? And one by one the Bolshevik arguments rolled out. Emotion was there, but with a difference. Bushy-Hair was a child of nature; Spectacles was the child of the Soap-Box. I listened, checking the points off mentally, while he ripped an erring collar from its support. The treachery of the Ukraine; the faithlessness of Germany; the helplessness of Lenin and Trotzky before German methods; the certitude that the German army could not be beaten, but that the German people would rise and compel their rulers to make a just peace; the refusal to believe in any monarchy, even Italy; the deep distrust of Japan; and, along with the stolid statement that any revolution carried inevitably its horrors and atrocities with it, the calm counter-assurance that Lenin and Trotzky were not responsible, and never countenanced such excesses. I was fascinated by so detailed a rehearsal of the Bolshevik creed. I might have been reading Arthur Ransome's despatches from Petrograd or an article in the *New Republic*.

It was up to me to make some comment on this doctrinaire confusion, and at last I did. Then the fury of the Bolshevik turned upon me—not upon me, personally, but upon my deplorable ignorance. It was almost a wail; this might, for a moment, have been Bushy-Hair, not Spectacles.

"Your papers do not tell you the truth about Russia—about Lenin, about Trotzky. They told you that Kerensky left his wife and eloped with an actress—they want to discredit the whole revolution."

"And that Lenin is in German pay," I insinuated.

"Lenin in German pay! Oh, your papers! I could give you papers to read, and books—I have books that tell the truth. Lenin's brother was hanged, his sister was crucified. He is a martyr! I know Russia; I know these people; I know. The Allies will not let the truth about the revolution be printed; they suppress it, they distort it." (His English was excellent.) "Of course I will not read your papers, that tell only what the Allies wish to have said. The only one"—and his face grew livid here with emotion—"who understands, who sympathizes, who sees what Russia is trying to do, is our President. He is the only one!" And there was an echo, in that poignant cry, of "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani." In that moment, Spectacles was a man, not a humanitarian. Bushy-Hair was the froth; but I had seen, for an instant, the dregs stirred.

At our next encounter, that afternoon,

Spectacles was all fitter. Not a word of anything but length and shape and correctness of line. Perhaps the Socialist—who-has-Two-Pigs had overheard and cautioned.

Hardly significant enough to report, I fancy people may think. But that poignant cry out of the dim depth of Bolshevism gave me pause, and I wondered. For Spectacles, believe me, has, properly speaking, no individuality; he is the very type of creature who has no meaning until he is multiplied by millions; who has no political consciousness except the consciousness of his class; whose voice is the simple echo of the mass-meetings of his kind. He was born to express, never himself, but a group. "He is the only one who understands!" If that is the cry of Spectacles, you may be sure that it is the cry of thousands. It is a nice psychologic question whether there could be a single Bolshevik; whether Bolshevism is not a mob-conviction, something that no single creature can feel in isolation. But in any case Spectacles—take my word for it—speaks for more than himself; he is a voice that needs the concurrence of vast numbers to become articulate and audible. He is not, intellectually speaking, Spectacles; he is One of Them. And it may be that crowds of American Bolsheviks feel in that way about "our President." Which, if so, is as fortunate as anything could well be. For before they can reject Lenin and Trotzky, they must pin their faith to someone else. Perhaps they will eventually learn something about the other things that President Wilson understands.

When my suit came home, I laughed very gently to myself. It did quite well enough for war-time, but it had not the perfect fit of the winter clothes. Was Bushy-Hair a better fitter than Spectacles? I tried to remember. No, I think not. When the winter suit was made, you see, Kerensky was still in power. That very little wrinkle near the arm when I bend forward—hardly worth mentioning—I shall have to lay to Lenin and Trotzky.

—From the Contributors' Club—April Atlantic.

♦♦♦

Why Buds Break Down

Although I've a cloak for the ocean
And suitable togs for the turf,
Modistes now insist with emotion
I ought to be leaving the surf,

For flying's the sport of the season;
I look on my dance frocks and cry,
"I've dresses for all else in reason
But
What shall I wear in the sky?"

For motoring, tennis, and boating,
For riding and bridge I am fixed,
For aquaplanes, church, and for voting
I'm costumed, but now I feel mixed.

The last word in sport's in the heavens,
And how I hate cowhide! I sigh,
"My wardrobe's in sixes and sevens,
For

What shall I wear in the sky?"

—M. S., in *New York Evening Post*.



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San Carlo Grand Opera

Patrons of the San Carlo Grand Opera company in seasons past will rejoice over the announcement of their coming to the Shubert-Jefferson next week, our old favorites—Salazar, Antola, Agostini and Stella de Mette—reinforced by stars newly risen in the vocal firmament. Four eminent sopranos, four talented mezzos, four noted tenors, four basses and three well known baritones constitute a roster of leading artists quite unexpected in a touring organization. Among these are Marcella Craft, American soprano, who will sing *Butterfly* and *Mimi*; Royer, French baritone, versatile and rich voiced; Queena Mario, the new coloratura soprano, who has apparently begun a brilliant career; Elizabeth Amsden, former Chicago Opera star, with whom Estelle Wentworth, dramatic soprano of the Century Opera company of New York, will alternate in the big tragic roles; and Boscacci and Fornari, two newcomers engaged by Signor Gallo upon merit. The supporting company contains many good voices which will be singled out for solo work in other seasons. There will be eight performances; nine operas will be sung counting Wolf Ferrari's English operetta, "The Secret of Suzanne," which will be paired with "I Pagliacci" on Tuesday evening. Complete program with cast follows:

Monday Evening

MADAME BUTTERFLY

Cho Cho San.....Marcella Craft
Suzuki.....Doria Fernanda
Lieut. Pinkerton.....Giuseppe Agostini
Sharpless.....Rodolfo Fornari
Kate Pinkerton.....Alice Homer
Goro.....Luciano Rossini
Yamadoro.....Natale Cervi
The Bonze.....Pietro DeBiasi
Trouble (the child).....

Tuesday Evening

(Double Bill)

SECRET OF SUZANNE

Count Gil.....Joseph Royer
Countess Suzanne.....Elizabeth Amsden
Sante.....Natale Cervi

I PAGLIACCI

Nedda.....Queena Mario
Canio.....Manuel Salazar
Tonio.....Angelo Antola
Silvio.....Rodolfo Fornari
Beppe.....Luciano Rossini

Wednesday Matinee

CARMEN

Don Jose.....Manuel Salazar
Escamillo.....Joseph Royer
Micaela.....Estelle Wentworth
Zuniga.....Pietro DeBiasi
Carmen.....Stella DeMette

Wednesday Evening

LA BOHEME

Mimi.....Marcella Craft
Rodolfo.....Romeo Boscacci
Marcel.....Angelo Antola
Shaunard.....Rodolfo Fornari
Musetta.....Pietro DeBiasi
Colline.....Natale Cervi
Benoit.....Natale Cervi
Alcindoro.....

Thursday Evening

LUCIA

Henry Ashton.....Angelo Antola
Lucia.....Queena Mario
Edgar of Ravenswood.....Manuel Salazar
Alice.....Alice Homer
Raymond.....Natale Cervi
Norman.....Antonio Cetti
Lord Arthur.....Luciano Rossini

Friday Evening

FAUST

Mephistopheles.....Pietro DeBiasi
Faust.....Giuseppe Agostini
Siebel.....Doria Fernanda
Martha.....Alice Homer
Valentine.....Joseph Royer
Marguerite.....Elizabeth Amsden

Saturday Matinee

MARTHA

Lady Harriet.....Queena Mario
Nancy.....Stella DeMette
Lionel.....Romeo Boscacci

Plunkett.....Angelo Antola
Sheriff.....Pietro Canova
Tristan.....Natale Cervi

Saturday Evening

IL TROVATORE

Leonora.....Estelle Wentworth
Count Di Luna.....Joseph Royer
Azucena.....Stella DeMette
Manrico.....Manuel Salazar
Ferrando.....Pietro DeBiasi



Pageant Choral Tea

Tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock the St. Louis Pageant Choral Society will give a musical tea in the Statler ball room, Mr. John H. Gundlach presiding. There will be five minute talks by Rabbi Leon Harrison and other prominent speakers and the pageant choral will render the following numbers:

The Heavens Are Telling (Creation).....Haydn
Beneath Thy Window (Japanese serenade).....Hopkins
Keep the Home Fires Burning (male chorus).....Novello
Old Black Joe (community singing).....
Celestial Voices (waltz song).....Strauss



Coming Shows

Cyril Maude and his notable company in Haddon Chambers' latest comedy, "The Saving Grace," will play at the American theatre next week beginning Monday evening. As *Blinn Corbett*, the carefree optimistic ex-officer of the English army, Mr. Maude interprets a quite different role from that of *Grumpy* in which he was last seen here. But the character is equally distinct in type and the critics agree is destined to add to Mr. Maude's fame. He will be assisted by Laura Hope Crews and half a dozen other excellent actors.



Jazz music as played and danced in San Francisco's Barbary Coast, the New Orleans levee and the Chicago loop will be the feature of the Orpheum bill next week. "Frisco," with Lorette McDermott and Bert Kelly's jazz band, present it in all its queer, weird syncope as an expression of a period and a place. Other numbers are the black-face comedians George LeMaire and Clay Crouch, in "The New Physician;" Charley Grapwin in "Jed's Vacation," a sequel to his laughable "Poughkeepsie;" Officer Vokes and his inebriate canine, Don, who imitates Leon Errol in his drunken scene; Sylvia Clark in songs and dances; Harmon and O'Connor, talented girls in "We and Us;" Ryan and Ryan, eccentric dancers; and the Travel Weekly.



At the Columbia next week the headline attraction will be the Five American Girls in a vocal and instrumental musical offering. These young women are regal in appearance, whose grace and charm are accentuated by white wings of the Colonial period and dainty gowns in pastel shades. The feature picture will be "Spotlight Sadie," starring Mae Marsh. The program includes an acrobatic act by the Joe Boganny troupe; Logan, Donn and Hazel, doing a nutty turn; Dot Marsel, syncopeated melodies; Bobby Henshaw, the St. Louis mimic; some good comic films and Current Events.



The leading number at the Grand Opera House next week will be Crewell Fanton and company in a musical spectacle called "Reveille." Second in importance will be the Robyns family in a novelty surprise. Other numbers will be Angel and Fuller, character actor and comedienne, in a comedy skit called "Old as He Feels;" Styne and Arnold in nonsensical fun; Howard Martelle, assisted by Pearl Fowler, in a ventriloquist act; Cooke and Rother, dancing; Dan Ahearn, "The Boy from Your Neighborhood;" the Ovandos, Spanish xylophonists; Willa and Harold Browne, artistic innovation; and the Animated Weekly, Sunshine, Mutt and Jeff comedies and Ditmar Animal pictures.



"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I did once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—*Boston Transcript*.

Penn's League of Nations

One of the dreams of William Penn, in 1694, was a league of nations. The English *Contemporary Review* has resurrected his essay on a league of nations in an analysis of Penn's ideas by Harold Spender. Penn's effort to solve the problem was in 1694, in the early years of one of the periodical attempts to bring Europe under the dominion of one monarch. What were the practical means he proposed to settle the disputes of the world and bring peace as a habit? For that is the point of interest now, some practical means for establishing a league of nations as a going concern.

His plan was simple and yet comprehensive. It was to establish a European Diet or Parliament, consisting of representatives drawn from all the sovereign states of Europe, in proportion to their wealth and numbers.

He proposed a small body—ninety members only. They were to sit in some central city of Europe—perhaps Berne. They were to vote by ballot. No great decision was to be taken without a majority of two-thirds behind it. Their chamber was to be circular in order to avoid quarrels of precedence. Each country was to keep its own records; to possess its own clerks; to refer back for instructions to its own government if necessary. Presence at debates was to be enforced by penalty. No delegates were to be allowed to abstain from voting.

To each European state domestic sovereignty was to be left intact. Each government was to be left sovereign within its own acknowledged dominions. The chief function of the European Diet was to be to decide this supreme question—what those dominions were to be. In other words, the sovereignty of the Imperial Diet was to be a sovereignty of territorial division. Just as in Great Britain the central government decides the borders of countries, so in Europe the Diet was to decide the borders of states.

But if this was to be the function of the Diet, what were to be the fixed title deeds on which possession was to be based? On what principles were territorial claims to be decided if force were to be finally excluded as a test? Penn clearly perceived that here, in that question, lay the supreme difficulty of introducing legality into the relations of states.

Penn's solution is largely dynastic, for the world of his day was a world of dynasties. Succession, election, marriage—all these were accepted by him as title deeds to national territory. "Self-termination" had not yet emerged into view. Then arises the difficulty that appears again in the discussions of today, that "the strongest and richest sovereignty will never agree to" the decisions of this European Diet. How meet this difficulty? Penn replies: "I answer, he (this upstart state) is not stronger than all the rest, and for that reason you should promote this (Imperial Parliament) and compel him into,

and especially before he be so (stronger than all the rest), for then it will be too late to deal with such an one."

Disarmament was also among his proposals, and to the objections raised in his day, as now, he answered unflinchingly.

"The proposal," he replied in his quaint and simple, prose, "the proposal answers for itself. One has war no more than the other." In other words—for we must face unflinchingly the full size of this gigantic task—all nations are to be disarmed equally. No great standing armies are to be allowed. With the new plan of equitable territorial division the very motive for standing armies will have disappeared. Nations will no more be armed than now are individual citizens who can settle their quarrels by appeals to the law courts.

"Very good," says the objector, "but how prevent any community that is feeling within itself the irresistible inner strength of an expanding population and increasing wealth from breaking down the fixed barriers of the world? What is your Diet to do if such a state should enter, without the leave of your Diet, upon the road of increasing armaments?" "Why," answers Penn, "take the trouble in time; check that state before it has grown too powerful to defy you."



The Blue Tag

This story was told to a Red Cross searcher by one of the young Americans who did not wait for his own government to declare war, but went as volunteer back in 1914. He had been through the first gas attack at Ypres and was one of the few who came alive through that murderous yellow cloud.

"I have seen the Yser when you could cross it dry shod on bodies," he said. "I have seen such deeds of heroism in action as make any story of old-time prowess seem tame. But there's one thing I saw, not in action, that chokes me up every time I think of it.

"There were two British lads in the regiment next to us, two brothers. They were both fine fellows, but the older one was just about the finest chap I ever knew. They had both loved the same girl back home, it seems, and there had been a pretty hot rivalry between them. Well, just before they were sent out she decided for the younger one. The other took it like a man, of course. But anyone could tell he was desperately hard hit. We always knew from the way he fought when his brother had had a letter.

"They both got hit in the same action. There was a system then (and maybe now, for all I know) of tagging the men for Blighty with a blue tag, let's say. (I think it was blue, but it doesn't matter.) Of course only the most serious cases were sent across the Channel, only the men who were thought too bad to pull through without the very best of care. It was the elder brother who got the Blighty. His brother, who lay next him at the casualty clearing station, was tagged to go to a hospital in

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EIGHTH AND LOCUST

-TO ST. CHARLES

France. During the night, while his brother slept, the elder one changed the tags. The younger brother went home and married the girl during his convalescence. The older one died before they could rectify the mistake."—*New York Tribune*.

♦♦♦

"Better consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting." "I do that now."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

♦♦♦

"My husband is so jealous!" "How absurd!" "Why, isn't yours?" "Of course not." "How humiliating!"—*New York Globe*.

♦♦♦

A middle-aged man was examining the phonograph record catalogue in a Kansas City store recently. "Why is this operty called 'Samson et Dalila?'" he asked. "As I recollect the story, Dalila darn near et Samson."

♦♦♦

General Crowder tells one on himself. Seems they had posted a new sentry in front of the draft office and the general thought he'd try him out. So he ap-

proached and asked: "Have you your general orders?" "Nope," retorted the rookie. "Have you any special orders?" persisted the general. "Nope," once more. "Do you mean to tell me that the sentry you relieved left you without a word?" "Nope," said the private. "He said, 'Look out for Crowder; he's a crab.'"

♦♦♦

Someone, just for a joke, asked for some sweet potato seeds in a seed store. The clerk hunted all through the seeds, but could find no sweet potato seeds and finally appealed to the boss. The latter explained that he was being kidded and cautioned him about not letting smart Alecks put anything over on him. A few days later a lady entered the store and asked for some bird seed. "Aw, go on," grinned the clerk, "you can't kid me. Birds is hatched from eggs."

♦♦♦

Mrs. Clarke came running hurriedly into her husband's office one morning. "Oh, Dick," she cried, as she gasped for breath. "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere." "It's all right, Bess," replied Mr. Clarke, "I came across it in my trousers pocket."

Marts and Money

Though the Hungarian *contretemps* caused a few bad hours on the Stock Exchange in New York, inflationistic manipulators soon managed to regain control of the situation. Heavy buying of motor, oil, steel and copper certificates led to a resumption of covering operations on a broad scale. It was given the necessary emphasis by reiteration of hackneyed stories about great foreign demand for American goods in the coming months and feverish efforts on the part of the British Government to secure control of all the important oil properties in the world. There were mysterious hints concerning the plans and concessions of the Pearson-Lord Cowdray people in Mexico and elsewhere, likewise concerning the Burmah and Persian Oil companies, of which the average trader has hitherto known next to nothing. Furthermore, every petroleum crank was once more reminded that the Royal Dutch and Shell groups controlled immense production in many lands, including properties in Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, California, and Wyoming. Every pertinent item was introduced with such phraseology as "it is asserted," or "it is stated," or "it is understood," or "it is generally accepted," etc. Some of the most cleverly concocted stuff came from London.

However, the results were not quite commensurate with the expenditure of money and energy. Such prominent performers as Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil recorded advances of only two or three points. It would appear, in the face of this, that too much speculative capital has already been sunk in issues of this variety to warrant hopes of another display of pyrotechnics in the near future.

In the copper department, "prices moved against the news," as the brokers expressed it. Inspiration rose about two points after announcement that the company's directors had lowered the quarterly dividend rate from \$2 to \$1.50. The current figure is 48½%. Last year's high and low records were 58½% and 41½%. In 1916, 74¼% was touched. Three months ago the directorial board occasioned considerable enthusiasm in Wall street by putting stress upon the superior financial position of their company. So forcible was the language they used that many a trader came to the conclusion that a dividend cut should be regarded as a very remote possibility. Two hundred fifty thousand nine hundred shares of Inspiration are owned by the Anaconda, whose own quarterly payment has been cut from \$1.50 to \$1. The lowering of the Inspiration dividend thus means a yearly loss of \$501,800 to the holding company. Between August, 1916, and January 1, 1919, the Anaconda paid \$8 per annum. Owners of Magma Copper stock evinced no surprise when informed that their company had suspended dividend payments altogether.

According to professional onlookers, the shrinkage in earnings of copper producers need no longer seriously be considered as a depressing factor. There are innuendoes, however, that some cap-

italistic holders of shares have been stealthy liquidators on the latest bulges. If such has really been the case, purchasing for public account must have been unusually large. Brokerage houses with extensive outside connections declare that their correspondents in the West have been sending liberal buying orders in recent weeks, that, in fact, speculators in that section of the country are trying "to run away with the market." Stock Exchange fellows pricked up their ears at this bit of news, but didn't take it seriously. And why should they? If they themselves see fit to smash quotations, they can snap their fingers at Western opposition. During the latest discussion of copper affairs, it was pointed out, incidentally, that the price of quicksilver is returning to its pre-war level of \$35 for a seventy-five pound flask. The war maximum was above \$125.

Respecting the iron and steel trade, latest information cannot be claimed to uphold the optimistic utterances of Wall street oracles whose appointed duty is to make propaganda in behalf of bullish operations in steel shares. The conservative *Iron Age* editorializes as follows: "The opinion is general that the reduced prices announced by the Industrial Board at Washington on March 20 will bring out in the near future a moderate amount of new business, most of which buyers have held up since the stabilizing movement loomed up six weeks ago. It is yet to be developed how far the reduction will go in stimulating a demand over and above what has accumulated, and whether the new prices can be maintained as minimum through the year, as proposed in the Washington program. Operations at steel works have fallen off in the last week. The Steel Corporation's Chicago district plants, which ran exceptionally well in February, are now on an 80 per cent basis. In general, independent companies are averaging 60 per cent." The current price of Steel common is 98½%. This compares with a recent top-mark of 100½%. E. H. Gary is authority for the statement that labor's part of the cost of steel production "is probably at least 85 per cent from the raw products to the finished products." From this one can easily imagine how strong the temptation must be to cut wages under prevailing conditions. But nothing will be done in that direction,—at least not by the leading manufacturers. Chairman Gary still speaks in a hopeful strain, but insists that other important lines of trade must properly co-operate with steel producers.

The market for railroad stocks still is in the doldrums. The ups and downs are seldom more than fractional. There's lessening inclination to wax ardent over encouraging reports from Washington, though it is conceded that the April 1 requirements will fully be covered through issuance of certificates. Wall street would like to know how the materially larger needs of May 1 and June 1 are to be met. A somewhat foolish question, methinks. The Director-General will doubtless be able to surmount those difficulties also without upsetting things too much on the Stock Exchange. Besides, President Wilson

may have issued his call for an extra session of congress before that time. After setting new low records, Liberty 4½s have firmed up a trifle, though there's no dependable sign as yet that the downward course has definitely come to an end. The fourth issue dropped to 93.50 the other day; the third is quoted at 95.14 at this moment. International issues, likewise, exhibit downward tendencies. Anglo-French 5s, which were up to 99% recently, are now purchasable at 96% or 97. Canadian Government 5s show losses of two or three points. Lyons, Bordeaux, and Paris municipal 6s are down about two points. Chinese and Japanese bonds, too, show reactionary tendencies. The financial strain is manifestly on the increase in all leading nations.

Of late it has been accentuated by the severe unsettlement in the foreign exchange market. Demand sterling is approaching the \$4.50 level; parity is \$4.8665. There are predictions that \$4 will be reached by and by. Drafts on Paris are quoted at 6.03 francs, against a parity of 5.18½. They were held at 5.30 francs before removal of support. Italian exchange is rated at 7.35 lire; parity is 5.18½. The British Government is reported to have prohibited all exports of gold. The significance of this was enhanced by information that the price of silver has risen to 50d in the London market. James H. Perkins, vice-president of the National City Bank, who has just returned from Europe, is authority for the following pregnant remarks: "It will be necessary for the United States to provide means whereby Europe can pay for what we sell her. It will be impossible for those countries to pay by sending us gold, and payment by sending us goods and merchandise will be decidedly limited. We must grant long credits. For anybody to say that we can continue to enjoy prosperity with from four to five hundred million people in what has been the centre of civilization living in a condition of want or anarchy is absurd. It is exactly like burying your head in the ground and refusing to see what goes on around you." The sum total of war debts is now estimated at \$240,000,000,000. Do you think that this should be taken as a bull argument on the Stock Exchange? It's up to you. Inflating prices in existing circumstances looks like sinning against the light.

Finance in St. Louis

The local financial situation shows no changes of striking interest. There's a slow but steady absorption of especially desirable bonds and shares, in anticipation, evidently, of an upward movement of some consequence before a great while. In view of the resiliency of the market in Wall street and somewhat more favorable reports concerning commercial and industrial conditions, the buying movement should assume larger proportions, particularly so since quoted values indicate satisfactory net returns in most cases. The rather sharp decline in the price of Laclede Gas common, which established the lowest record in many years, had no seriously depressive effect on the general list. It coincided with an offering of \$11,000,000 first mortgage collateral and refund-

ing ten-year 7 per cent series A gold bonds, which are convertible into either common stock, par for par, or into a like amount, face value, of series B thirty-year 5 per cent bonds, issued under the same mortgage. Laclede Gas common was up to 90 in 1918. The depreciation thus amounted to about twenty-one points. The absolute maximum—118¼—was paid in 1916. At the local banking institutions business is of gratifying volume, with money rates virtually unaltered.

Latest Quotations

Boatmen's Bank.....	119
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State National Bank.....	190
Mississippi Valley Trust....	290
Mortgage Trust.....	140
United Railways com.....	2½ 3¼
do pfd.	10¼ 11½
do 4s	51
Fulton Iron com.....	42½ 43
Certain-teed common	31¾ 32¾
St. Louis Dairy.....	77 77½
Ely & Walker com.....	120 130
do 2d pfd.....	76
Brown Shoe com.....	73½ 75
do pfd.	99½ 100
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.....	4½
Hamilton-Brown	135 139
St. Louis Brewing Assn. 6s..	42 47
National Candy com.....	73¼ 73¾

Answers to Inquiries

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—Midvale Steel 5s are quoted at 88¾. They are an attractive though not a high-grade investment. Their intrinsic merits have not as yet been submitted to a rigid test. They are secured by eight hundred and sixty thousand shares of the Cambria Steel Co., for which \$70,000,000 was paid in 1915. The total amount of bonds outstanding is about \$44,000,000. They sold as high as 98¼ in 1917. The lowest on record is 80%.

M. D., Colorado Springs, Colo.—(1) You should hold your Union Pacific common, and not worry so much over the Washington policies. The probability is that matters will be straightened out satisfactorily by Congress after the President's return. The U. P. is in excellent condition financially, and there's positively no danger of a cut in the 10 per cent dividend in the calculable future. The 1918 statement disclosed a very substantial surplus after dividends. (2) If you have a good profit on your Merritt Oil, take it; if not, sit tight. Stock is being accumulated on the little declines. Should reach 50 eventually.

QUERIST, St. Paul, Minn.—Ohio Cities Gas is a speculation—nothing more at the present time. If you bought at 47¼, you have a fair chance of getting out unscathed by and by. Thus far the stock has been a severe disappointment to its friends. It is only a few points above its 1918 minimum. The lack of responsiveness seems all the more surprising on account of the company's ownership of some valuable oil properties. Oil stocks have been striking features of speculation in recent months. Cannot recommend an additional purchase above 32.

R. W. M., Guthrie, Ok.—For a safe investment you should purchase choice municipal or railroad bonds netting not more than 5½ per cent. Banking and brokerage institutions advertising in the

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REGULAR, Allentown, Pa.—Unless you need the money, you shouldn't sell your New York Central at a loss. The quoted price—75½—is not high, though it compares with a low notch of 67½ last year. The stock has always sold on a relatively low income basis. The 5 per cent dividend is safely earned. At 75, the net yield is about 6¾ per cent, or approximately the same as that on Atchison common at 91¼. Pennsylvania nets a trifle more at 44, the current figure. There having been no great speculation in N. Y. C. in the past two years, voluminous selling and a severe break in value cannot reasonably be looked for.

BULL, Laddonia, Mo.—Would go slow about purchasing Canadian Pacific

at this time. The insolvency of the Grand Trunk has made a bad impression. It militates against a material rise in C. P. Besides the stock has already recorded a \$34.00 rise since 1917, when 126 was touched. The financial state of affairs in Canada looks questionable, to say the least. The rebound from the extreme depression of the war period will neither be as rapid nor as extensive as sanguine prophets would have us believe. This applies to other countries, too.

OBSERVER, Hutchinson, Kans.—(1) Chicago & Northwestern general 3½ per cent bonds are a good investment, and not excessively priced at 70, the present figure. They sold as high as 86¾ in 1917, and at 111 in 1901. Last year's low mark was 67½. (2) Wouldn't advise an additional purchase of Utah Copper above 70. (3) Retain your People's Gas.

Marion, an Indianapolis urchin, heard a coal wagon driver berating his mules in language not intended for children's ears. He rushed in to his mamma, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, that man is losing his temperature."

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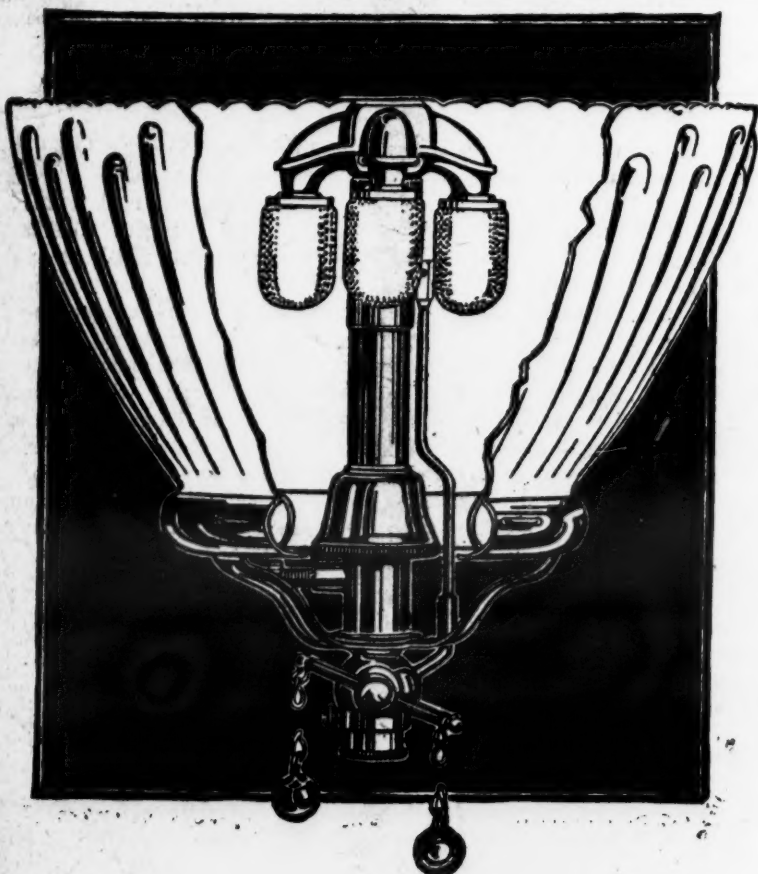
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